

75 CENTS

DECEMBER 15, 1975

TIME®



A close-up portrait of actress Marisa Berenson, looking directly at the camera with a soft expression. She has curly brown hair and green eyes. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows on one side of her face.

Marisa Berenson
in
'Barry Lyndon'

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The image is a composite of three distinct scenes. On the left, a Gothic-style cathedral with a tall, dark spire rises against a bright sky. In the center, a large, ornate building with a prominent green dome and classical architectural details is visible. At the bottom, a Highland piper in traditional red and white tartan attire plays his bagpipes in a grassy field. The overall composition suggests a blend of historical and cultural elements.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

As a student pilot flying a Piper Cub, Correspondent David Lee recalls, he was always "scaring the breath out of my instructor" and landing in "hop-it-in" style. Recently Lee, who covered the Apollo program for TIME, was back in Houston at the controls of NASA's new, "reusable" spaceship. The old hop-it-in landing did not work when he tried to bring down the giant spaceship, and he crashed. Fortunately the flight was simulated, and Lee was not only able to walk away but also to file a report for this week's story in Science, written by Associate Editor Peter Stoler.



CORRESPONDENT LEE IN SPACESHIP

Professional football scouts are keen-eyed examiners whose charts detail how far a quarterback can throw, how fast a halfback can run the 40-yd. dash, or how many pounds a lineman can bench-press. The pro scouts' assessments of this year's football players were the basis for this year's college All-America team (see SPORT). In their reports, the scouts often single out talented yet unpromised college players who go on to stardom in the N.F.L. One of TIME's 1971 choices, for example, was an obscure University of Michigan guard.

Reggie McKenzie, now an offensive lineman with Buffalo, McKenzie is part of the front four who are known as the "Electric Company" because they turn on "the Juice." The Juice, of course, is O.J. Simpson, who was a running back on TIME's 1968 team.

For three weeks London Correspondent Lawrence Malkin was forced to circle warily around master Movie Maker Stanley Kubrick, whose aversion to journalists is well known. So Malkin began his reporting for this week's cover story by talking to members of the technical crew and cast of Kubrick's latest epic film, *Barry Lyndon*. In Los Angeles, meanwhile, Correspondent Leo Janos learned more about Kubrick's style during interviews with

Ryan O'Neal, who had kept a diary throughout the shooting of the movie. In New York, Senior Editor Martha Duffy and Contributor Richard Schickel, who wrote the story, carefully studied the correspondents' reports and other material on Kubrick. When Kubrick finally did concede to an interview, Schickel flew to London where the two had a four-hour middle-of-the-night conversation in a fog-shrouded studio at nearby Elstree. Schickel found him "tirelessly intelligent, extremely responsive and straightforward, and not at all elusive intellectually."

EDITOR DUFFY



CONTRIBUTOR SCHICKEL

Ralph P. Davidson

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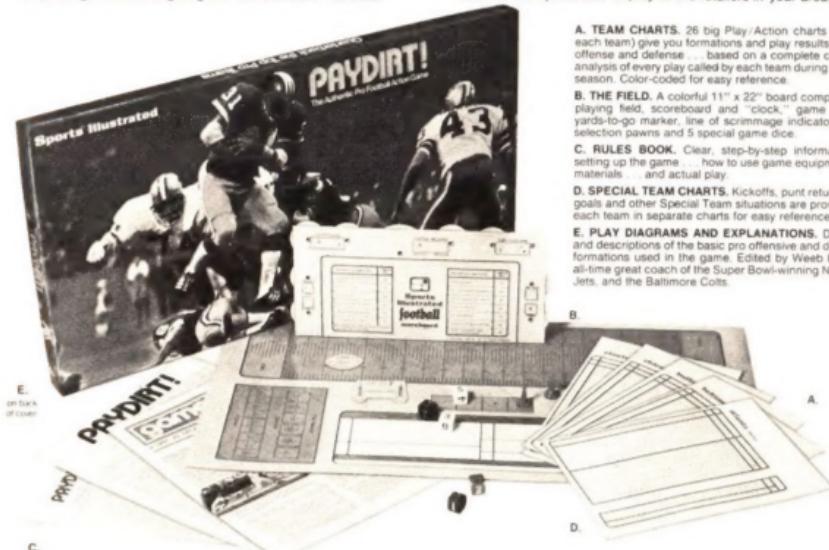
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FORUM

Which Reagan in the Running?

To the Editors:

Now that Ronald Reagan, an open anti-Communist, is in the presidential race [Nov. 24], it will be interesting to see how soon the Communists and their "useful fools" will proclaim him to be a fascist.

Radin Zet
Cleveland

Ronald Reagan is the prototype American politician of the '70s: mindless, witless, positionless and worthless.

Martin Derrow, M.D.
Cincinnati

It's about time you began to realize that neither Barry Goldwater nor Ron-



ald Reagan is mounting "a hopeless crusade against the 20th century."

They are urging a return to the strong sense of individual responsibility that made this country great.

(Mrs.) Elizabeth W. Avery
Franklin, N.Y.

Reagan proposes abolishing the federal role in welfare, education, Medicaid and other essential services. The assumption that these services can be effectively provided by state and local governments is simplistic. The matter-of-fact treatment of the decrease of programs and loss of jobs is criminal.

Obiajulu S. Udeh
Montclair, N.J.

Perhaps Ronald Reagan will be able to save us from the loud minority demands of radical feminists for free abortion for all.

Rosemary Hamilton
Marquette, Mich.

President Ford does not have to worry about losing his job to Ronald Reagan if the former Governor of Califor-

nia maintains his stand that equal rights for women is encouraging attitudes toward sex and sex differences akin to those of dogs.

Rosemary Van Susteren
Milwaukee

Do you really think I'll vote for a man who spends 9½ hours in bed each day, puts his pajamas on at 6 p.m., lets his wife dictate how his employees will dress and whom to fire and sits around eating jelly beans all evening?

Kay Weldon
Kirkland, Wash.

Assassination in Dallas

You copped out, TIME [Nov. 24]. You're probably as much involved in the Kennedy assassination cover-up as the CIA, FBI and Dallas police department.

Bob Dewhurst
Durham, N.C.

Why waste your time trying to show intelligently that Oswald was J.F.K.'s lone assassin and that the Warren Report was essentially correct? People who want to believe in conspiracy theories will continue to do so because they want to believe the worst about the U.S., its institutions and its leaders.

Jerry Axelrod
Philadelphia

Although I appreciate your unequivocal "No" answer to the question of my alleged presence in Dallas at the time of J.F.K.'s murder, I would like to point out that my noninvolvement rests not only on "drastic differences" between the specimen photographs, but more conclusively upon the sworn testimony of several witnesses who confirm that I was in Washington, D.C., on Nov. 22, 1963. It is a physical law that an object can occupy only one space at one time.

Correction: I am not a Watergate "burglar," but a conspirator.

Howard Hunt, Fed. Prison Camp
Eglin A.F.B., Fla.

It may be improbable that Oswald was able to fire three shots within five or six seconds with such deadly accuracy. What is far more conceivable, however, is that a co-conspirator, shooting from a completely different vantage point, was able to synchronize his timing with equal accuracy.

Charles Carr III
Spring Lake, N.J.

On Nov. 22, 1963, I was six years old and in first grade. Now I am 18 years old and a college freshman, and this poor man's murderer is still not known for

sure. For God's sake, reopen this case and resolve what really happened once and for all.

Mickey Minsberg
Madison, Wis.

To think that you still believe the Warren Report, I do look forward to a future issue featuring the tooth-fairy story.

Laura Kittrell
Dallas

Our society is sick with conspiracy fetishes. To one who feels he is drowning in gallons of screwball theories coming from every direction, your few drops of common sense on this controversial subject were welcome.

Roger McKeown
Ames, Iowa

I find the theories of those who are skeptical of the Warren Commission's findings no more imaginative than those who support it.

Timothy D. Lassiter
Reston, Va.

Enough! It never occurred to me how important the Kennedy assassination has been to our economy. The number of people deriving income from spectacular, grisly films, books and lectures must be impressive. Not to mention the valuable time our men of science spend filling skulls with gelatine and shooting bullets into melons.

Tom Golder Jr.
Fairfield, Conn.

John F. Kennedy has been dead now for twelve years. Why not let him rest in peace?

Janice Torbet
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Crime Accounting

Do the FBI crime statistics [Dec. 1] include the crimes committed by the FBI?

Edward D. Scannell
San Diego

Douglas Goes

With the retirement of Justice Douglas [Nov. 24] there hovers a dark threatening cloud over our basic constitutional rights.

Kristen Sanders
Detroit

The greatest is gone.

Dean A. Morehouse Jr.
Los Angeles

The Right to Choose

I am deeply saddened and discouraged to read that once again women—and men—are afraid of equal rights [Nov. 17]. All that I ask is that people be allowed to choose their role in life

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White Horse in its new Executive Saddlebag.

White Horse Scotch couldn't be made any better tasting, so we made it better looking. By surrounding it with the White Horse Executive Saddlebag—an exclusive carrier in glove-soft vinyl, with the look and feel of fine leather. Available in Heather Red (Fifths) and Scottish Brown (Quarts), the Executive Saddlebag is yours, free, with every bottle of White Horse you give. Or keep.

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FORUM

—whether it be housewife, mother, doctor or mechanic.

It is not my desire, nor that of the equal rights amendment, to penalize women for choosing to work at home.

Katherine M. Lord
Teheran

Franco's Epitaph

However gentle historians try to be with Francisco Franco (Dec. 11), in the end they will have to agree his 36-year rule was cruel, ruthless, rigidly authoritarian—right wing, not quite fascist.

Philip J. Schacka
West Hempstead, N.Y.

Franco's song is ended but the malady lingers on.

Vito Salerno
Madison, Wis.

Persons of the Year

As a housewife, age 45, mother of six and a Democrat, I nominate Betty Ford for TIME Person of the Year.

(Mrs.) Joan G. Toolen
Buffalo

Indira Gandhi. In 1975, a year dedicated to women, she has conclusively shown that even when it comes to ruthlessness, women are determined to keep pace with the toughest and most ruthless of men.

Nibir Datta
Liverpool, N.Y.

In his rags, his homelessness, his poverty, he—Arab, African, Asian or Caucasian—may yet prove to be the man, not alone of the year, but of the century. He is the refugee.

(Mrs.) Erma E. Baer
Chicago

Untroubled

We would like to clear up an error made in the printing of a photograph and caption in the Behavior section [Nov. 24]. The couple depicted are in no sense "troubled parents." Their family is indeed a happy one, with the photograph of them and their children attesting to the fruits of visits in earlier years by the couple only.

There is no association between this family and the treatment of physical problems referred to in the article. We sincerely regret this occurrence and wish to set the record straight.

Dr. Norman Paul
Dr. Robert Feldman
Boston

TIME regrets any misunderstanding involving Suzanne and Jack Agnew of Boston.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Venita has known a lot of suffering.



Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

But there are many other needy children still waiting for sponsors.

You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will be sent the child's photograph, name and mailing address, plus a description of the project where the child receives assistance.

You may write to your sponsored child and your letter will be answered. You will

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THE FORDS, INCLUDING DAUGHTER SUSAN,

FIRST LADY & FRIENDS
Respect for diplomatic niceties.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Dec. 15, 1975 Vol. 106, No. 24

FOREIGN RELATIONS

THE NATION

Ford in China: Warm Hosts

"Significant" was a word never far from Gerald Ford's lips during his five-day visit to Peking. He used it to characterize his long conversation with Chairman Mao Tse-tung. He unfurled it again to describe his three morning sessions with Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, the tough Pekingese who is acting operational head of the Chinese government. And finally, in his last champagne toast, Ford declared that the whole visit had been "significant," adding that his talks with the Chinese leaders had been "friendly, candid, substantial and constructive." It was as if the President constantly had to remind himself—and the people around him—that his journey across the Pacific was more than a political junket.

No new agreements were reached during the visit, the second by a U.S. President in four years; indeed, none had been expected. The real substance of the visit was in what Secretary of State Henry Kissinger calls "personal assessments," the getting-to-know-you among world leaders that may mean much in the long run—or nothing at all, if major shifts occur in either government in the months ahead.

Kissinger indicated that in order to "normalize" diplomatic relations with Peking, the U.S. may eventually pull its troops and the U.S. embassy out of Taiwan, replacing the embassy with a liaison mission. But Ford hardly wanted to make any compromises with Communist China last week that might further weaken his position with Repub-

lican conservatives. It was clear enough well before the trip, moreover, that the deteriorating health of Mao and Premier Chou En-lai precluded any serious dealings on the touchy subject of Taiwan. This awaits the successors to Mao and Chou and, as Ford and Kissinger may have reflected, perhaps their own, too.

Ford's schedule was plotted with careful respect for diplomatic niceties. After touching down at Fairbanks, Alaska, and Tokyo, Air Force One flew southwest toward Shanghai and then north to Peking, to avoid offending the Chinese by flying over South Korea. At the airport the reception for America's Fu-eh Tsungtung (Chinese for President Ford) was warm and less tense than the one extended to Richard Nixon in 1972.

Stark Reality. At the welcoming banquet in the Great Hall of the People, the atmosphere turned briefly ominous. Teng in his toast sternly warned the Americans against being round-heeled with the Soviets on détente, which the Chinese regard as naive and a self-defeating attempt to appease imperialist Moscow. Mystifying the Americans, Teng summed up Peking's world outlook with a Maoist aphorism: "Our basic view is, there is great disorder under heaven, and the situation is excellent." Less inscrutably, he added: "Rhetoric about détente cannot cover up the stark reality of the growing danger of war." Ford sat impassively through the diatribe, though he later reaffirmed the U.S. commitment to détente.

Beginning the next day, Ford and



MEET CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG

Kissinger spent about two hours each morning conferring with Teng and close aides. Teng and Kissinger, who dislike each other, refrained from acrimonious exchanges. Kissinger once called Teng a "nasty little man," while Teng sometimes addresses the Secretary of State as "your doctor of philosophy," a veiled insult in a country where academicians are held in low esteem. The conversations were a tour of world problems. Equally broad discussions took place with Mao. The President and his party found the Chairman surprisingly vigorous at 81 despite recent ailments.

Afternoons, Ford took in the sights: the Summer Palace, the Temple of Heaven and the Agricultural Exhibition Hall. Daughter Susan photographed the Great Wall. Wife Betty joined student ballerinas at the Central May 7 Art College and performed a folk-type dance.

Serious Smog. American reporters who had accompanied both Nixon and Ford to Peking were struck by the city's rapid modernization. Reported TIME's Hong Kong bureau chief Roy Rowan: "Trucks, automobiles and buses were previously a rarity but now rumble incessantly down the streets, contributing to the city's serious smog problem. Apartments of up to 15 stories are rising. All 580 rooms of the new 17-story Peking Hotel are equipped with electric motors that open or close the window curtains at the push of a bedside button. Blue-and-white motorized street sweepers have replaced the women's broom brigades. Red-and-gold Mao buttons have disappeared from tunics, and there are fewer billboards emblazoned with exhortations."

The frenetic trip exhausted most members of the U.S. party, including Ford, who rarely showed any enthusiasm. With eyes occasionally glazed and attention wandering, he sometimes made meaningless remarks. One evening he turned to Foreign Minister

THE PRESIDENCY / HUGH SIDEY

More Summits? Think Mailgram

It is time for the curtain to fall on the era of unrestrained summity.

Let the applause swell for past dramas: Ike before worshipful masses in Seoul; Kennedy firm-jawed at the Berlin Wall; L.B.J. staring down Aleksei Kosygin at Glassboro; Nixon clinking glasses in the Great Hall with Chou En-lai; then eating Wheaties in the Kremlin; Ford grinning beneath his fur hat in the snows of Vladivostok with Leonid Brezhnev. Worthy acts. But the world changes.

While summity was a necessity at times in the postwar decades, its ease and electronic entertainment value have turned it into a sport of sorts that claims too much of a President's time and energy. This thought must have occurred to Jerry Ford about halfway down the sheer steps from a pagoda towering over Peking's Summer Palace, which was the breathtaking extravagance of the Ching dynasty's Dowager Empress Ci xi; she diverted \$50 million worth of silver earmarked for her navy to rebuild the paradise. Ford pondered the steep descent, and his mind wandered back home to the Rockies. "This would be a good ski slope—there's a nice turn down there," he mused. He would have been better off in Vail. What he accomplished in Peking could have been done by Mailgram.

This summit was no disaster. It is just a question of a President's priorities. Other things are more important.

Confronting world leaders far away used to be exotic. Suddenly it is commonplace. The stars of television used to travel to report news. Now they seek out backdrops like the spired Kremlin or the Great Wall for travelogues.

Summitry has fed on itself. The idea of not having some kind of foreign spectacular at least every now and then makes a President nervous. And each summit must somehow top the last, the

Peter Principle to absurdity. Thus the mere invitation to a far capital becomes the message, the hours spent in conference with old adversaries more the measure of success than what was said. Nobody has yet been told what Chairman Mao Tse-tung said to Ford, but we all have been bludgeoned with the fact that the meeting lasted an hour and 50 minutes, the longest audience Mao has granted this year.

In their eagerness, American Presidents have gone far beyond simple politeness. They have adapted to repressive environments, the very thing they speak against back home. In Peking, the Americans were more secretive than the Chinese. Mao has become God not only to his gray ranks but also in a way to the State Department, a grave distortion in a world where the Chinese need us more than we need them. When Betty Ford said that Mao had lighted up on seeing Daughter Susan, an American reporter laughed, "There's life in the old boy yet." Officials of the U.S. mission in Peking clapped their hands over their mouths in horror at such irreverence.

Henry Kissinger, the Sol Hurok of modern summity, is part of the problem—not by design but out of his skillful pursuit of his place in history.

If the Peking summit proved anything as it played out against a backdrop of grim regimentation and indoctrination that would be comic opera if not taken so seriously, it was that Presidents might make a little more headway both at home and abroad by being a little cooler. Which means that American Presidents should not only restrain their impulses to hold summit meetings, but when the times come, should insist that the other fellows learn about a few American traditions like standing free and open for 200 years with some good laughs along the way.

Chiao Kuan-hua and said: "It's nice to see you. I've been with you all day."

The schedule permitted no rest stops. On Friday he flew to Jakarta, where he conferred with President Suharto. Next day he went to Manila for talks with Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos. Ford was to return on Dec. 8 to Washington and all the problems he had left behind. Chief among them was the threat of Republican Challenger Ronald Reagan, which was supposed to have been reduced by the demonstration of Ford as a world leader. Instead, though there may have been some gains in personal enrichment, the diplomatic emptiness of the trip suggested Ford might have accomplished more by staying in Washington than by taking a showboat to China.

LISTENING FOR ECHOES AT IMPERIAL VAULT



Hoover's Political Spying for Presidents



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



JOHN F. KENNEDY



The vast fortress-like building on Pennsylvania Avenue has been criticized as an architectural disaster and a shocking waste of public funds (\$126 million). Now the name, cast in bronze, begins to be something of an embarrassment in a democratic capital: the J. Edgar Hoover Building.

The Senate select committee on intelligence activities last week filled out the dismaying record of Hoover's eagerness to curry favor with Presidents by using agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to gather political information. The committee staff's report shows that Hoover willingly complied with improper requests from Presidents Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. He gratuitously offered political intelligence to Presidents Dwight Eisenhower and Harry Truman, but both seemed unimpressed.

In all these services, offered or actually performed, there was also the implicit signal that Hoover could find out almost anything and even Presidents should handle him with care. He ran the agency for 48 years and was seven years beyond the mandatory federal retirement age when he died in office on May 2, 1972.

Based on seven months of staff investigation, the Senate report offers a bit of bitter justice to Richard Nixon. Among the Watergate revelations that undid him were his Administration's use of the FBI to wiretap Administration officials and newsmen, and his forewarning, for a time, the FBI investigation of the bugging of Democratic National Committee headquarters. The Senate committee reports that precedents for abuse of the agency were firmly established by Hoover under Democrats F.D.R., L.B.J. and J.F.K. Some of the examples of improprieties:

ROOSEVELT. After giving a speech on national defense in 1940, F.D.R. had his press secretary, Stephen Early, send Hoover the names of 128 people who had sent telegrams to the White House criticizing the address. "The President thought you might like to look them over," Early's note gently instructed Hoover. The FBI director had each name checked out in the FBI's Washington files and the appropriate field office. This "name check" process retrieved any material, no matter how tony, that the FBI had on a person. If there was none, a file was opened on each such critic. Roosevelt ordered the FBI to put taps on the home telephones of three or four of his closest advisers, including Harry Hopkins. F.D.R. suspected that Hopkins' wife was passing anti-Administration information to the receptive Washington *Times-Herald*.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

TRUMAN. When Truman's military aide, Brigadier General Harry Vaughan, picked up transcripts of some of the Roosevelt wiretaps from the FBI in 1945 and showed them to Truman, the President snapped: "I don't have time for that foolishness!" But Hoover kept sending unsolicited "personal and confidential" memos to the Truman White House on political matters, such as the claim that a Communist sympathizer was helping a certain Senator write a speech, that a sugar scandal might break and embarrass Democratic officials, that *Newsweek* was planning a foreign espionage story. There was no evidence that Truman was interested.

EISENHOWER. Responding to an invitation from Ike to brief his Cabinet on racial tensions early in 1956, Hoover rambled on about the lobbying efforts of the N.A.A.C.P. and some Communist groups to influence civil rights legislation, and about the anti-integration activities of Southern politicians. The only such FBI incident of meddling in political affairs cited in the Eisenhower years, this was no more than an unsolicited digression by Hoover.

KENNEDY. The report confirmed that Attorney General Robert Kennedy, to trace Defense Department news leaks, in 1961 and 1962 authorized the wiretapping of several Washington journalists. They included Hanson Baldwin, military analyst for the *New York Times*, Baldwin's secretary, and Lloyd Norman, *Newsweek's* Pentagon correspondent. More vaguely, the report says Robert Kennedy signed orders for taps on six other Americans, including "three Executive branch officials, a congressional staff member and two registered lobbying agents for foreign interests." The aim was to investigate charges of corruption in the U.S. sugar-import quotas. Presumably, John Kennedy knew of all these actions.

JOHNSON. Sharply stepping up political intrigue via the FBI, Johnson got Hoover to assign a 31-member "special squad" to the 1964 Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City, ostensibly to detect any violent agitators. The squad, dispatched without Robert Kennedy's knowledge, supplied "hot line" reports to Johnson's political aides on intraparty battles at the convention.

During the 1964 campaign, Johnson had his aide Bill Moyers ask the FBI for checks on Republican Candidate Barry Goldwater's Senate staff. Hoover's men ran name checks on 15 of them, producing derogatory information on two (a traffic violation on one and a love affair on another). Johnson asked for similar checks on at least seven journalists who had displeased him. They included NBC's David Brinkley, Columnist Jo-

seph Kraft, Associated Press's Peter Arnett, the Chicago *Daily News'* Peter Lisagor and LIFE's Richard Stolley (now managing editor of PEOPLE). L.B.J. also sought from the FBI, and duly received, information on critics of the Warren Commission's report on the assassination of Jack Kennedy (though Johnson himself doubted its conclusion, suspecting that Castro had had a hand in the murder). The FBI even forwarded a photo of one critic performing a sexual act.

Beyond trying to please Presidents, Hoover also compiled dossiers on his own real and potential enemies. An FBI file was opened on every Senator and Congressman after his election, noting the legislator's probable attitude toward the FBI. When a subcommittee chaired by Democratic Senator Edward Long of Missouri considered investigating the FBI for electronic eavesdropping in the mid-1960s, agents compiled "special memoranda" on each of the six subcommittee members. Similarly, when a Knoxville, Tenn., civil rights council in 1960 urged an investigation of the FBI and other federal agencies for racial discrimination, the FBI ran name checks on all eleven council members. The FBI reported to Attorney General William Rogers that one member had sent flowers and mash notes to a woman other than his wife. Hoover's vendetta against Martin Luther King Jr. (TIME, Dec. 1), of course, was the ultimate FBI harassment of a critic.

The committed report did not labor Nixon's much-publicized relations with the FBI, but an incidental revelation last week in a Washington federal court showed how much some high officials in his Administration feared Hoover. A disaffected former assistant FBI director, William Sullivan, had warned the Administration in 1971 that Hoover might use records of the secret taping of newsmen and national-security officials to protect himself against being retired by the Nixon Administration. Sullivan then spirited the logs of the wiretaps out of Hoover's suite of offices and gave them to Robert Mardian, an assistant attorney general.

Very Afraid. Responding last week to a civil suit filed by one of the victims of this wiretapping, John Ehrlichman, Nixon's top domestic adviser, explained: "Since journalists had been tapped, it would be politically embarrassing for the Administration potentially, and Hoover was not above blackmailing the President with this information." Mardian, Ehrlichman said, feared Hoover would do anything to get the files back. Ehr-

lichman testified that Mardian told him he was "very afraid of not only the integrity of these files but also of his own personal safety, that he felt he was being surveilled by Hoover through his agents, and it was only a matter of time before Hoover caused agents of the FBI to break into his files and recover the various records of this activity which Sullivan had turned over to him." On Nixon's instructions, Ehrlichman got the records from Mardian and put them in a White House safe.

Another congressional subcommittee last week tried to trace the disposal of Hoover's collection of personal information on his critics and public figures after his death in 1972. John P. Mohr, the third-ranking FBI official in Hoover's last days, told a House subcommittee chaired by New York Democrat Bella Abzug that there were no "secret files." He said that just after Hoover died, he had been instructed by Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to lock up the director's private office to make sure all important papers were retained for Hoover's successor. The two men agreed that the other eight rooms in Hoover's suite need not be sealed off. After Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray was appointed, he permitted some 30 drawers of the deceased director's personal files to be transferred from the unsealed rooms to Hoover's home.

Hoover's personal secretary (for 54 years) Helen Gandy, 78, testified before the subcommittee that her boss had told her that upon his death all such personal papers should be destroyed. She said she and another secretary then went through every piece of paper at Hoover's house and found nothing involving official bureau business; there were mostly personal letters. She said she had them all burned or shredded.

TIME has learned that FBI sources are certain that Hoover kept many highly sensitive files about newsmen, former White House aides and possibly even

about Nixon. The records also included information on the drinking habits and personal lives of several Supreme Court Justices. But technically they were not called "secret files," so Mohr's denial of their existence is not perjurious. They were kept not in Hoover's private office but elsewhere in his suite, these sources believe.

Before Secretary Gandy could look at them in Hoover's house, the most sensitive papers were carried off in an FBI truck to West Virginia's Blue Ridge Club, a Shenandoah Mountain hideaway used by innermost FBI officials for regular poker games with CIA and other cronies (TIME, Nov. 3). There the papers were burned in the club's large fireplace. Precisely who ordered this destruction and carried it out has not been disclosed. The three-story club, valued at up to \$200,000, burned to the ground in a fire of undetermined cause on Nov. 23. No evidence of arson has been discovered.

Waves of Shock. TIME has also learned that FBI Director Clarence Kelley has ordered an investigation of his agency's business relations with one of the frequent poker players at the club, Joseph Tait, president of Washington's U.S. Recording Co., which buys bugging and wiretapping equipment and sells it



FBI INFORMER MARY JO COOK



HOOVER SECRETARY HELEN GANDY



FBI INFORMER GARY ROWE

THE NATION

to the FBI. In the spy business (he also sells to the CIA), Tait is known as a "cut-out," whose role is to prevent victims of electronic snooping from knowing what type of equipment the agencies are using against them. Kelley is pursuing reports that Tait may have been charging the FBI as much as 30% more than he paid the manufacturers for this equipment.

Such a rare internal investigation is sending waves of shock and rumor through the FBI. Morale was further jolted by the testimony last week of a former FBI informer. Appearing before the Senate committee wearing a cloth mask to preserve a new identity adopted for self-protection, an informer once known as Gary Rowe Jr. testified that he had infiltrated the Ku Klux Klan for the FBI in the early 1960s. He said he was told to do everything possible to sow dissension within the Klan. Rowe said of Klan families: "I was told to sleep with as many wives as I could, to break up marriages." (He slept with some.) He claimed that he warned the FBI that the Klan planned to attack Freedom Riders in Birmingham, Ala., in 1961 and that the FBI did nothing to stop the beatings.

Another disenchanted FBI informer, Mary Jo Cook, told how she had infiltrated the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War in Buffalo in 1973. Paid some \$5,000 for her work, she mainly befriended the veterans and kept the FBI posted on their antiwar activities. Though she found the spying "more exciting than working as a teller in a bank," she soured on it when she discovered that the veterans were sincere in their opposition to the war, not under any foreign-propaganda influence and not bent on violence.

Falling Esteem. The continuing revelations are not only eroding J. Edgar Hoover's once impregnable reputation as the world's most efficient and incorruptible cop. They tend to obscure the fact that the FBI organization Hoover developed was a highly disciplined investigative agency, compiling a remarkable record of arrests for such major crimes as bank robbery, kidnapping and espionage. The disclosures, moreover, have sent public esteem for the agency plummeting. While 84% of Americans gave a "highly favorable" rating to the FBI in a Gallup poll in 1965, only 71% did so in 1970, and a mere 37% now feel that way. Nevertheless, the disclosures have served a valuable purpose. They should discourage any future director—or President—from tolerating any use of the bureau as a secret political spying agency.

CRIME

Hoffa Case: Closing In

Ever since James R. Hoffa disappeared on July 30, a prime suspect in the case has been Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, 58, one-time head of Teamster Local 560 in Union City, N.J., who still controls that fief while living in Hialeah, Fla. Provenzano and Hoffa, the domineering president of the Teamsters from 1957 to 1971, were once good friends but became bitter enemies when they were imprisoned together in Lewisburg, Pa., Provenzano for extortion and Hoffa for jury tampering, fraud and conspiracy. Tony Pro wanted Hoffa to use his influence to reinstate the pension that Provenzano had lost when he went to the penitentiary. But Hoffa refused, and Provenzano reportedly

former, he had a witness who said he had seen part of the abduction from a parking lot outside Detroit. The court ordered the three to appear in a lineup so that the purported eyewitness (also unnamed) could try to identify them.

Federal officials have been told that Hoffa's murderers stuffed his body into a 55-gallon oil drum, carted it across the country and buried it in a dump in Jersey City. This week FBI bulldozers will begin to turn over the trash and garbage in an effort to find the grave of Jimmy Hoffa.

DEFENSE

Coalition for Cuts

It has been a quiet revolution, largely unpublicized because the procedures are complex and the subject matter is arcane. This week Congress is expected to pass and send to the White House a defense budget of \$59.4 billion for the current fiscal year. This is \$7.5 billion less than the Administration's request, but the reduction is not as important as the manner in which Congress decided to make the cuts. The bill was the first major test of Congress's will to live up to its bold ideal of setting its own spending ceilings and sticking to them.

The new system, which became law in 1974, does not officially go into effect until fiscal 1977, but Congress agreed to try it out this year. As usual, the Administration presented its budget to Congress in February; included was a request to spend \$97.9 billion for defense. Under the old system, Congress would

have increased some items and reduced others. But this year, using its new approach, Congress developed its own budget, which included a ceiling on defense. It had the effect of setting a limit about \$7 billion lower than the Pentagon wanted. Still, there was doubt that the ceiling would hold when the Pentagon's old and influential friends began pushing for the higher figure.

Unusual Step. The first crunch came in June. After each chamber passed a separate bill, a House-Senate conference committee settled on \$25.8 billion for procurement of equipment. Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie, chairman of the Senate's new Budget Committee, called for rejection of the measure, pointing out that it was some \$900 million over the targeted figure for that category. For help, Muskie turned to Oklahoma's Henry Bellmon, the committee's ranking Republican. Though Bellmon usually backs high defense spending, he is also a fiscal conserva-



GABRIEL & SALVATORE BRIGUGLIO & THOMAS ANDRETTA
The bulldozers will begin to turn over the trash.

threatened to "bury" his old comrade.

Last week federal officials reported that sources within Local 560 had accused three of Provenzano's New Jersey associates of committing the crime. The trio: Salvatore Briguglio, 47, an ex-con described by Government agents as an enforcer for Tony Pro in the rackets and union affairs; Gabriel Briguglio, his brother and a union underling; and Thomas Andretta, 38, a collector for loan sharks who was once imprisoned for threatening borrowers' lives.

The names of the three men were brought out in federal court in Detroit by Robert E. Ozer, head of the Justice Department's Organized Strike Force in that city. He said the three men had been named by an informer who had gone before a grand jury looking into the Hoffa disappearance. The informer's name was not revealed.

Ozer was in court to try to build another part of the case against the three men from New Jersey. Besides the in-

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It's longer.
It's leaner.
It's slower.
It's easy drawing.
It's a cigarette.



It's a new experience.

It's a whole new look in cigarettes.

A whole new feel.

A whole new length.

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More. Put your cigarette against it.

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If you like menthol, now you can have More Menthol.

It's the new 120mm menthol cigarette that starts with a blast, then gives you more coolness and tobacco taste.

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| \$194.95 The Original | \$149.95 The Model 2 | \$99.95 The Model 3 |
|---|-------------------------|---|
| Camera ejects picture automatically. | Same | Same |
| You watch the image develop. | Same | Same |
| Picture is hard, dry, durable, fade-resistant. | Same | Same |
| Nothing to peel, nothing to throw away. | Same | Same |
| Focuses from 10.4 inches to infinity. | Same | Same |
| Reflex viewing system (through-the-lens focusing). | Same | To focus, you set the distance on the face of the camera. |
| Precise 4-element lens. | Same | Same |
| 10-shot color film, big prints. | Same | Same |
| Fresh power every time you load (battery is in the film). | Same | Same |
| Uses 10-shot FlashBar. | Same | Same |
| Genuine leather. | Brown Porvair. | Deep tan Porvair. |
| Folds to about 17" x 4" x 7". | Same | Same |
| Lightweight (24 ounces). | Same | Same |
| Brushed chrome body. | Off-white plastic body. | Black plastic body. |
| Automatic time exposures up to 14 seconds. | Same | Same |
| Automatic film counter. | Same | Same |
| 12,000 RPM motor. | Same | Same |
| Uses all optional SX-70 attachments. | | Will not accept lens shade or close-up lens. |

tive. The two men made a deal: Bellmon agreed to work against the procurement bill and Muskie, in return, to oppose a school lunch program that was \$392 million above the level set by Congress. Pulling together an unusual coalition of liberals and conservatives, Muskie and Bellmon got the Senate to send the procurement bill back to conference. The vote was 48-42. The two Senators got a reduction of \$250 million, and their campaign to hold down spending picked up momentum.

No Rose Garden. In October, the House approved a defense budget of \$90.2 billion, \$7.7 billion less than the Pentagon's original request. James Schlesinger, then Defense Secretary, called the cuts "deep, savage and arbitrary." On the Senate side, Chairman John McClellan of the Senate Appropriations Committee, a longtime supporter of the Pentagon, said that he would add about \$1 billion to the House's total, which would break the ceiling by \$500 million. Muskie admitted that the struggle to stay within the guidelines was difficult. "Nobody promised us a rose garden when we undertook budget reform," he told the Senate. In the end, the Senate passed a budget of \$90.7 billion and sent it off to a House-Senate conference committee to work out a final compromise.

If, as expected, the President signs the final bill, the Pentagon will still get some \$6 billion—or 7%—more than last year. But the military argues persuasively that this increase has already been eaten up by inflation. The Pentagon will probably have to let attrition reduce its ranks of 2.1 million men by about 15,000. The Armed Forces will be able to continue funding expensive weapons programs, but with some stretch-outs and reductions. The budget authorizes the Air Force to spend \$597 million on continued development of the supersonic B-1 strategic bomber, plus \$1.3 bil-

lion to buy 96 F-15 fighters (instead of the 108 it wanted). The Navy will get permission to build a fourth huge missile-armed Trident submarine, at a cost of \$598.6 million, and to put \$725.5 million into developing a new warhead that can maneuver during its flight to avoid anti-ballistic missiles.

In their otherwise admirable zeal to get control of the budgetary process, the legislators may have cut too deep into defense. Congress is allowing the armed services to do little more than maintain their present strength at a time when the Soviet Union is steadily building up, in many ways alarmingly, its military power. Neither the Senate nor the House adequately debated the strategic implications of the dollars-and-cents decisions that they were making. When next year's budget is prepared, Congress would do well to examine much more thoroughly how the proposed expenditures would influence the vital balance of military power between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

AVIATION

Riding the Whip

The evening skies near Carleton, Mich., were overcast with scattered clouds as the two jumbo jets sped toward each other. TWA Flight 37, a Lockheed L-1011 with 114 people aboard, was cruising on course at 35,000 ft. from Philadelphia to Los Angeles. American Airlines Flight 182, a McDonnell Douglas DC-10 bound from Chicago to Newark with 194 passengers and crew, was climbing to an assigned altitude of 37,000 ft.

At 7:22 p.m., Air Traffic Controller Charles Hewitt at the Cleveland Air Route Traffic Control Center relieved another controller. Scarcely a minute after he came on duty, Hewitt saw an

alarming sight shaping up on his big, dimly lit radar surveillance scope. The two green phosphorescent data blocks—small, illuminated groups of numbers and letters giving the altitude and heading of each flight—were moving perilously close to one another at a combined speed of 1,000 m.p.h.

Hewitt: American 182. Cleveland What is your altitude?

Flight 182: Passing through 34,700 [34,700 ft.] at this time. We can see stars above us but we're still in the area of the clouds.

In five seconds Hewitt had discerned a collision for sure, and issued his urgent command: "American 182 descend immediately to 330 [33,000 ft.]!"

In an instant, the pilot of the American flight, traveling at 500 m.p.h., saw the blinking red and green lights of the TWA flight dead ahead of him. His view of the aircraft, he said later, "filled my whole windscreen." He plunged the wheel of his ascending DC-10 violently forward, sending the plane into a sudden 35° nosedive. He reached a record altitude only 47 ft. below the other aircraft's, and his tail may have come as close as 20 ft. to the TWA plane.

On board, the passengers and crew were hurled into chaos. "It was like riding the tail end of a snapping whip," said one passenger. Unbent passengers, serving carts and dinner trays were flung into the air. "Everything went into a state of weightlessness," said John Ruffley, 51, a passenger from Summit, N.J. "Cocktail carts floated about the cabin along with people, plates, glasses and almost everything else. It was as if a mystic was at work. Then, when the plane pulled up [at 33,000 ft.], everything came crashing down."

Only one member of the TWA cockpit crew, the flight engineer, saw the lights of the American flight "descending under us," and TWA Flight 37 continued on uneventfully to Los Angeles.

ALITUDE
35,000 FT.
36

35

34

33

32



THE NATION

When the lurch came aboard the American flight, Burt Herman, 44, a Chicago insurance executive traveling with his wife and three children, recalled: "We all had our seat belts on except Laurence. I grabbed him and held him down. There were screams and moans and stewardesses flying around. I exchanged looks with my wife—it was a knowing look in the eyes that this might be it. It seemed like an eternity."

American Flight 182 made an emergency landing at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport. There, 25 people, three of them seriously injured, were treated at a hospital. The remaining passengers continued on to Newark on another DC-10.

The near collision involved 308 "S.O.B.s," official parlance for souls on board, and had the two planes crashed it would have been the worst air collision ever. In 1971 a Japanese military plane struck an All Nippon Boeing 727 over Honshu, killing 162 people.

What went wrong over Michigan? The National Transportation Safety Board investigation may take several weeks, but preliminary findings point to some computer error, perhaps because it was fed wrong information. The Federal Aviation Administration has centers at points along the path of every flight above 18,000 feet within the Golden Triangle—the Chicago, New York, Wash-

ington area—where computers assign airspace to planes. Somehow, the computer assigned Flight 37 and Flight 182 to the same airspace at the same moment. The error was theoretically impossible, but something like it happened again last week. Two Boeing 727s—a TWA craft with 77 passengers and a United Air Lines jet with 60 passengers—were in the same flight lane approaching Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. The TWA captain spotted the danger and banked to the left, passing within 300 feet of the United plane. Again an alert individual had averted a catastrophe that a supposedly fail-safe system was intended to prevent.

AMERICAN NOTES

Memory of a Bus

Twenty years ago last week, Rosa Parks boarded a bus in Montgomery, Ala. "My only concern," she recalls, "was to get home after a hard day's work." When the driver ordered her to give up her seat to a white who was standing, she refused. From that spontaneous act of defiance sprang the boycott of the Montgomery bus system, the leadership of Martin Luther King, and, it can be said, the civil rights movement.

Rosa Parks returned last weekend to Montgomery from Detroit, where she now lives, to take part in a 20th anniversary celebration. The buses were once again not running—for a different reason. The black bus drivers—not allowed behind the wheel 20 years ago—had joined in a strike for higher wages.

Rights v. Rotarians

Top civic officials almost automatically join the jovial, do-gooding Rotary Club, but in Davis, Calif. (pop. 38,000), the mayor has been excluded. So has the city finance director, the personnel director, the community development director, the chairman of the school board and the president of the Chamber of Commerce. All are women, and the international charter bars them. Sympathetic local Rotarians say they would just as soon let women in, but they are helpless.

Some of Davis' women, like Gloria McGregor, the community development

director, would like to gain admittance. But Mayor Joan Poulos takes a relaxed view, suggesting that not every last area of sexual segregation has to be battered down. After all, some Davis women's groups, including the Soroptimists, continue to bar men. And, she notes, "no serious public business is conducted at Rotary Club luncheons."

Fred Harris Slept Here

Richard Nixon, Charles de Gaulle and many other politicians have believed a leader needs "mystery": he must keep a certain distance from the people. Democratic Presidential Candidate Fred Harris, on the contrary, wants to get as close as possible. On the campaign trail he likes to stay in private homes and gives each host an engraved invitation to sleep in the White House for a night "after I am elected" (*see cut*).

Harris is getting a lot of overnight invitations. This not only gratifies his populist instincts but cuts down on campaign expenses. Harris will not be able to hide much—whether he eats crackers in bed or is cranky before his morning orange juice. There is something to be said for a little distance.

Jingoism in Reverse

Anti-American Americans are reproached by a British journalist in this month's *Commentary*. Just as some American jingoists insist that their country has the best of everything, or used to, so do others glory in claiming it has the worst. Those Americans who



IN APPRECIATION

for sharing their home with me during our presidential campaign of 1975-1976, this certificate entitles

to one night's lodging
in the American people's White House,
redeemable after I am elected and sworn in
as President of the United States.

Fred R. Harris

INVITATION TO A SLEEP-OVER

accentuate the negative recognize no statute of limitations on American sinning. "Every American in each generation, it appears," writes Henry Fairlie, "must regard himself as responsible for all that his society has done, does, and will do." While no Englishman feels any personal responsibility for the slave trading practiced by his ancestors, Anti-American Americans demand that their fellow countrymen feel guilty permanently about slavery and other transgressions of the past. Anti-Americans prefer role playing with inflated symbols—"Violence is as American as cherry pie"—to the rigors of logical thought. This sort of emotional indulgence, writes Fairlie, "returns no answer from the historical experience of the country itself, its actual achievements and its actual failures, but instead sedulously and virulently retreats to a mythical interpretation of that experience which has no historical reality."

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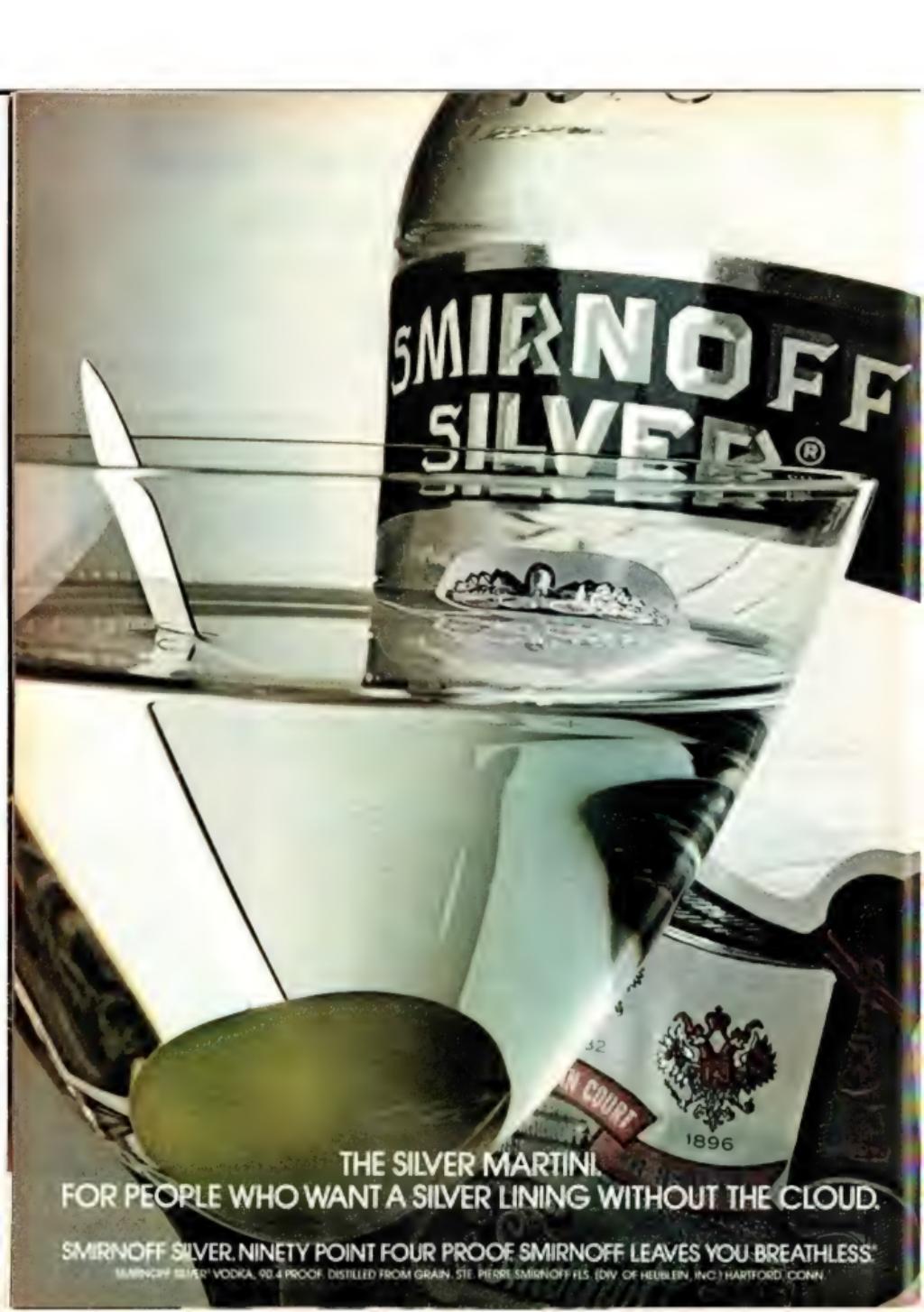
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New Places to Look for Presidents

Can anyone remember when he last went to vote for a U.S. President and felt both enthusiastic and confident? Totally enthusiastic about his own candidate; reasonably confident that if his man lost, the other fellow would still be a good President?

Not since 1952, when Dwight Eisenhower, a victorious general with some extra dimensions, squared off against the eloquent Governor Adlai Stevenson, have a large majority of Americans felt they were given a choice between two first-rate candidates, either of whom could lead the nation well. By 1956 both Ike and Stevenson had lost a little of their luster. Since then, more and more Americans have voted with deep misgivings. They have been worried that their own candidate was flawed, or that his opponent would be a disaster—or both. Nixon-Kennedy, Goldwater-Johnson, Nixon-Humphrey, Nixon-McGovern. Increasingly the voters ask: "Are these really the best candidates we can find?" Between now and next November it is certain that the question will be asked again, often in anger: Out of our large (214 million) and highly educated population, is this the best choice the American system can offer?

No, it is not. The trouble is that presidential candidates are selected (or self-selected) from a very small pool. With rare exceptions, they are professional politicians who have served as a U.S. Senator or Governor, preferably of a large state. Since some of these are too old (65 is about the line) or heavily compromised on personal grounds (sex, drink, money) or hopelessly mediocre, it comes down at any one time to a list of maybe 50 who have a real shot at the presidency. Perhaps half of these would not be interested, so the list shrinks to 25. Considering that twelve men have already announced for the job and several more (Hubert Humphrey, John Connally, Frank Church, Charles Mathias) are clearly interested, roughly half the "eligibles" are already in the race.

And to this whole list many Americans react with a mixture of boredom and dismay. Ford-Humphrey? Reagan-Carey? The leadership of the free world?

It is wildly unrealistic to imagine the U.S. could tap new pools of presidential talent by Nov. 2, 1976. And there is no particular reason to think we will by 1980. But if the country did by chance begin to survey its presidential resources in an imaginative way, where might the search begin?

One place to start, surely, would be in the large private institutions, which find their leaders through an intensely competitive process and demand of them certain qualities the U.S. presidency also demands.

A U.S. President, above all, must be a leader, able to direct a large, complex organization, or federation of organizations, and to deal with competing, often conflicting constituencies. He (or she) must be able to recognize talent, recruit it, deploy it, inspire it, oversee it (and fire people when necessary). A President must be a man of vision who knows in what direction he wants to guide the nation, a persuasive individual who can explain his means and ends in ways that will move people to support him. In private life, the people who have the jobs most nearly comparable to the U.S. President's are those who head corporations, banks, universities, labor unions and large civic or public service institutions.

The chief executives of big corporations have far more executive experience than Senators and Congressmen, and some have training approaching that of Governors. The leaders of business have to deal with many varied constituencies—employees, shareholders, corporate directors, state and federal legislators, Government regulators, the press, consumer activists. The interests of these groups often conflict and, as in politics, the chief executive has to adjudicate. He learns, sooner than many professional politicians seem to, that you cannot promise every-

thing to everybody. And like the successful politician, he has the fire in the belly; he could not have arrived where he has unless he had ambition, physical stamina and emotional stability.

Business leaders are rarely mentioned as possible Presidents, in part because corporate chiefs are little known by the public, in part because of the deep-rooted American suspicion of businessmen's motives. Many of our earlier Presidents (starting with George Washington) had some entrepreneurial experience, but the last out-and-out businessman who ran was Wendell Willkie in 1940. Says John T. Connor, chairman of Allied Chemical Corp. and former head of Merck & Co.: "Anyone with previous business experience becomes immediately suspect. Certain segments think that he can't make a decision in the public interest."

There are at least a dozen businessmen in the country who would make as capable a President as the dozen politicians who have declared themselves in the running for '76.

Any name will be good for some argument, but here goes. Many lists would include Lawyer Connor himself. At 61, he has had varied and successful experience in Government as well as industry; he was Secretary of Commerce and also general counsel in the office of Scientific Research and Development. One of the businessmen most admired by other chief executives is Reginald Jones, 58, chairman of General Electric Co. (But for Jones to be elected, the Constitution would have to be amended. He was born in England, and brought to the U.S. as a child.) Another businessman on many lists would be Thornton F. Bradshaw, 58, the innovative president of Atlantic Richfield Co. He has a grasp of the nation's energy needs and extensive experience in dealing with foreign governments. Bradshaw also holds three degrees

from Harvard, where he once taught. William F. May, 60, chairman of American Can Co., has headed his company for ten years, and has given a great deal of time to commissions dealing with crime and delinquency, racial and religious discrimination and world hunger. Among the other chief executives who merit consideration by reason of experience, intelligence and conspicuous success in business and civic affairs are Deere & Co.'s William Hewitt, 61; Du Pont's Irving Shapiro, 59; and Sperry Rand's J. Paul Yetz, 58.

Heads of big banks have



ESSAY

broad leadership and management experience plus a deep understanding of money—a knowledge easily ridiculed but highly pertinent to the responsibilities of a U.S. President. The bankers must deal almost daily with government regulators and the competing pressures of borrowers from government and all branches of business. Perhaps the most admired (if not beloved) American banker is Walter Wriston, 56, who started out in the State Department and went on to lead his First National City to the No. 1 position in assets and profits among New York City banks. A witty, acerbic intellectual, Wriston is a frequent adviser to the White House. An almost equally wide-ranging man is A.W. ("Tom") Clausen, 52, who as head of the Bank of America is more than just the nation's biggest banker. Clausen, a lawyer, has been active in San Francisco civic affairs and is a serious student of U.S.-Asian relations. In Philadelphia, John R. Bunting, 52, an economist, has made First Pennsylvania Corp. into one of the nation's leading banks, in part by taking wise risks in lending to small businessmen. He is often mentioned as a candidate for mayor. Robert Roosa, 57, a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman, is a top-rung economist and foreign affairs expert who as Treasury Under Secretary in the early 1960s devised ingenious ways of easing world monetary crises.

As much as the chiefs of banks and corporations, many presidents of universities are equipped by managerial experience to be President. And many would have more intellectual depth and breadth than a corporation president, or for that matter recent U.S. Presidents. Like a President, the head of a university is at once a forward planner, budget manager, advocate and honest broker. He has to reconcile the often conflicting interests of many vocal (and self-divided) constituencies: students, faculty, trustees, legislators, alumni, contributors and sensitive groups within the local community. In the past decade, university presidents have had to cope with an extraordinary series of human—and economic—crises. They have simultaneously had to cool student and faculty radicals, deal with militant feminists, admit and help along more minority students, placate alumni who were angered by some of the changes and try to balance budgets increasingly strained.

Woodrow Wilson went on from the presidency of Princeton to become one of the greatest U.S. Presidents, and today at least half a dozen heads of universities appear to have a Wilsonian depth and vision. Among them are Yale's Kingman Brewster, 56; Stanford's Richard Lyman, 52; Notre Dame's Theodore Hesburgh, 58; Vanderbilt's Alexander Heard, 58; the University of California's David Saxon, 55; Princeton's William G. Bowen, 44; and James Hester, 51, who recently left New York University to become rector of the United Nations University in Japan.

Union leaders should also be considered because they, too, run large institutions and deal with conflicting constituencies, though like businessmen, or perhaps more so, they suffer from a reputation for narrowness of vision. Leonard Woodcock, 64, president of the United Auto Workers, has shown compassion, wit, a sensitivity to change in the economy, and a deep interest in foreign affairs. Lane Kirkland, 53, secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO, is one of the ablest union administrators and an astute student of automation, race relations, social security and foreign intelligence operations.

Top lawyers have rarely managed big, complex organizations, but they have analytical minds and wide experience, and many have done shuttle service in Washington and state capitals. Florida's Chesterfield Smith, 58, a past president of the American Bar Association, is particularly active in state affairs; he was chairman of the commission that revised the Florida constitution. Cyrus Vance, 58, has distinguished himself in Government as Secretary of the Army and the Johnson Administration's chief negotiator at the Viet Nam peace talks in Paris. He is greatly respected by his peers, who have elected him president of the Bar Association of the City of New York. Warren M. Christopher, 50, of Los Angeles, helped set up Governor Pat Brown's first administration in the 1950s, was a Deputy U.S. Attorney General in the 1960s, and now is chairman of the American Bar Association committee that reviews U.S. Supreme Court nominations. He also has been an adviser to the State Department on tariff policy. Willard Wirtz, 63, originally of Chicago,

now a Washington lawyer, is a first-rate intellect, a rousing speechmaker, and did well as Secretary of Labor in the '60s and as adviser to both Adlai Stevenson and Hubert Humphrey.

There are indeed many men of presidential caliber who have held high appointive office but never run in an election. Economist and Educator George Shultz, 55, now president of the Bechtel Corp., showed vision, courage and the ability to win the respect of his opponents when he was U.S. budget director and Secretary of Labor and Treasury. The brainy McGeorge Bundy, 56, the former Harvard dean who is head of the Ford Foundation, performed with authority as National Security Adviser in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations (though his identification with the Viet Nam War would be a political burden). And then there is James Schlesinger, 46, who achieved high popularity after President Ford fired him as Secretary of Defense. .

In President Ford's present Cabinet, the two outstanding intellects are probably Henry Kissinger and Attorney General Edward Levi, former president of the University of Chicago. Both are Jewish, which might or might not still be a barrier to the presidency. Kissinger, despite his current troubles with Congress, remains one of the most admired men in the nation; but like Jones of GE, he is disqualified (unless we amend the Constitution) by his foreign birth.

Various other charismatic and influential Americans are sometimes discussed as potential presidential candidates, but cannot be taken too seriously because they have no broad leadership experience or represent too limited concerns. Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, 41, would be in this group, along with many outstanding scientists and intellectuals.

In some cases, prejudice prevents first-rate leaders from being considered. Military men are almost never mentioned, except after popular and patriotic wars, and that rules out deep-thinking Admiral Noel Gayler, 60, the Navy's much decorated (three Navy Crosses in World War II) Pacific commander who was formerly director of the National Security Agency. Women, like blacks, still do not stand a chance, but their year will come. And though the bars against a Catholic layman were broken by J.F.K., Notre Dame's Hesburgh, a priest, would encounter church-and-state objections—as would any other clergyman.

Most significant, a large pool of elected officials tends to be overlooked. Mayors get short shrift. Though Arizona's Mo Udall is making a run now, U.S. Representatives are seldom considered. That is too bad, for there should be more discussion of such top Representatives as Illinois' John B. Anderson, 53; New York's Barber Conable Jr., 53; Wisconsin's Henry Reuss, 63, and Les Aspin, 37; Washington's Brock Adams, 48, and Tom Foley, 46.

At very least, the nation should make it easier for many more of its best people to be considered for the presidency. A few important steps have already been taken, so that the system, for all its flaws, is more open than at any time in modern history. The new Federal Campaign Finance Law smooths the way for people who lack either great wealth or rich backers to mount a campaign. The elimination of winner-take-all primaries is intended to give the conventions a wider choice of candidates.

But more needs to be done. Political Scientist Stephen Hess of the Brookings Institution wisely suggests that the national parties should request that certain organizations—such as Governors' and mayors' conferences, bar associations, groups of businessmen, educators and labor leaders—"nominate" one of their own every four years for consideration by the conventions. But leaders in private life must overcome their own reluctance to ask for public support and their unwillingness to put up with all the handshaking, speechmaking, fund-raising necessities of running for office.

Businessmen, bankers, university presidents and union executives usually argue that they can accomplish more in private life than in elective politics, and for most of them that is doubtless true. But a few dozen could surely enlarge the nation's choices for high political office. Notre Dame's Father Hesburgh puts it well: "We are at the point in this country where we need the finest people we can get as leaders. I think we ought to find them and, if you will, pre-empt them or co-opt them to get them, somehow, into the process."

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THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Israel Loses a Round

"This is anti-Israel festival week," groaned one foreign ministry official in Jerusalem. To a large extent, he was right. At the United Nations last week, Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization won a stunning diplomatic victory that came as a sharp defeat for the increasingly isolated and friendless Israelis. In effect, the Security Council virtually recognized the P.L.O. as the government in exile of a potential state equal in international standing to Israel. Over the violent protestations of U.N. Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan, the Security Council voted 9 to 3 (with three abstentions) to invite representatives of the P.L.O. to participate in a formal council debate on "Israeli aggression" against Lebanon, with the same rights that are granted member nations of the United Nations.

Bizarre Drama. The Palestinian diplomatic coup was the climax of a bizarre week-long drama of Arab and Israeli face-saving, double-talking, bluff-calling and epithet-hurling. It began when the Security Council, after frantic three-day consultations, accepted a Syrian demand that renewal of the mandate for the U.N. forces on the Golan Heights be linked to a proposal for a full-scale Security Council debate on the Middle East. Representatives of the P.L.O., who gained permanent observer status in the General Assembly last year but had never been included in Security Council proceedings before, were to be invited to participate in this debate, scheduled to begin on Jan. 12. The mandate renewal, which was to expire four hours before the agreement was reached, was accepted with relief by all parties.

The invitation to the P.L.O. was another matter. It was interpreted by many not only as a victory for Arab hard-liners (and for Syria in particular) but as a serious diplomatic defeat for Israel, the U.S. and even Egypt, which had bilaterally negotiated a Sinai accord earlier this year without gaining any concessions for the Palestinians.

The reaction of Israel was swift, blunt and angry. Jerusalem was particularly annoyed at what it saw as a betrayal by Washington; Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, the Israelis felt, should have ordered Moynihan to veto the mandate resolution rather than permit greater international recognition of the P.L.O. After a six-hour emergency session on Monday, Premier Yitzhak Rabin's Cabinet decided to boycott next month's U.N. debate. It also approved a proposal to establish four new settlements on the Golan Heights within

the next two weeks—a move that will make any future territorial negotiations with Syria considerably more difficult. The Cabinet issued a stern warning that "Israel will deem Syria responsible for any murderous activity perpetrated by terrorists coming from Syrian territory." In response, Palestine commando leaders in Lebanon threatened stepped-up activity against Israel. From Damascus came reports that Syria would not stand idly by while Israel built new settlements on the Golan Heights.

Less than 24 hours after the Cabinet's angry pronouncements, 30 Israeli jets bombed and strafed Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon, leaving at least 100 dead and more than 150 wounded—the heaviest death toll in such raids since February 1973. During attacks on refugee camps near Nabatiyah in southern Lebanon, the hamlet of Kafr Tabnit was razed almost to the ground. Israeli military spokesmen said the targets were terrorist bases, including the headquarters of the Syrian-backed Saiga guerrillas who are thought to be responsible for a Nov. 21 raid on the Golan Heights in which three Israeli militiamen were killed. Some form of Israeli reprisal had also been expected for a terrorist bombing in Jerusalem earlier in November that killed six people and wounded 46. The timing and intensity of last week's air strikes, however, led many observers to conclude that they were an expression of Israeli outrage at the Security Council action.

Clumsy Raids. The Israelis suffered no losses in the raids, which initially served to defuse the tense and angry mood in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Later, though, there were some second thoughts. "The use of massive airpower increases the danger of hitting civilians and merely fuels the present anti-Israel campaign in the world," warned *Haaretz*, the country's leading paper. "The price we may have to pay may be far above what we have achieved in greater security." Even one foreign ministry official conceded that the raids had been "clumsy and ill-timed."

Arab leaders were more vehement. Lebanese Premier Rashid Karami said the attacks "demonstrated Israel's perplexity after the victories scored by Syria and the P.L.O. at the U.N." P.L.O. Spokesman Abu Sharar also attributed the strike to Israeli "desperation" over the Palestinians' diplomatic success. Criticism came from less predictable sources as well. Pope Paul VI, in a message of condolence cabled to the Leb-



P.L.O. LEADER YASSER ARAFAT



U.N. AMBASSADOR DANIEL MOYNIHAN



ISRAELI PREMIER YITZHAK RABIN



"Looks like Israel had a bad day in the U.N. again!"

anese government, called the raids "an inadmissible gesture of violence."

The Israeli action placed Egypt in a particularly uncomfortable position. The day before the raids, Egypt had taken over the Abu Rudeis oilfields, which Israel had given up as part of the second Sinai accord. The Egyptians thus regained a \$1 million-a-day resource, but the takeover made them appear to be on embarrassingly good terms with Israel at a bad moment. Privately, the Egyptians were furious at the Syrians for having undermined President Anwar Sadat's attempts to ease tensions in the area. As one high government official told TIME: "They have called a Security Council debate that will accomplish nothing but has given the Israelis an excuse to get tough."

Official Status. Publicly the Egyptians had to do something to refurbish their image as champions of Arab solidarity. To one-up their Syrian rivals, the Egyptian delegation at the U.N. called for an immediate emergency meeting of the Security Council last Wednesday to discuss "Israeli aggression" against Lebanon—with P.L.O. participation. The P.L.O. then forced the issue of their official status at the U.N. by refusing to participate under Procedural Rule 39, which would allow them to participate rather amorphously as "persons who can supply information" useful to the council. Instead, they asked to be admitted under Rule 37, which governs "member states," thus precipitating last Thursday's watershed vote.

The Syrians, however, trumpeted the Security Council vote as a major victory for their aggressive strategy—and as a major setback for the Egyptian policy of seeking peace on the installment plan with Israel. "Syria has realized an important political achievement for the Palestinian cause," proclaimed the Damascus newspaper *Al Thawra*. "The Security Council's resolution was a defeat for the step-by-step diplomacy and the

policy of bilateral and partial solutions." Syrian Defense Minister Major-General Moustafa Tlas also gratuitously sneered at the Egyptian-Israeli accord on the Sinai. "The Egyptian administration regained a few kilometers of land," he said, "where troops armed with rifles only can enter. But the Egyptian army cannot take up positions in the strategic Sinai passes because American spies and experts will be stationed there."

To some Israeli hawks, the U.S. vote on the mandate was evidence that Washington is changing its policy of aloofness toward the P.L.O. The State Department firmly denies there is any such shift, but there has been some indication of at least willingness to rethink the issue. Last month then Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Harold

Saunders submitted a document to the House Committee on International Relations that stressed the importance of the Palestinian question as "the heart of the conflict" in the Middle East. The Saunders paper raised the possibility of negotiations between Israel and the P.L.O. on the future of a Palestinian state if the P.L.O. would renounce terrorism and recognize Israel's right to exist.

Half Loaf. The Saunders testimony, even as it profoundly disturbed Israelis, profoundly intrigued Palestinian moderates, including Yasser Arafat. According to some reports, he is ready to accept a "half a loaf" solution to the Middle East problem—a state on the West Bank and in Gaza, instead of all Palestine. Although they are still a distinctly minority voice, at least five dovish ministers in the Israeli Cabinet have called for a new policy under which Israel would announce its willingness to negotiate with any group of Palestinians that would recognize Israel, renounce the use of terrorism against it, and accept the Security Council's resolutions on the Middle East. Proponents of this policy argue that it would help Israel regain some support in world opinion.

Last Thursday's vote, however, apparently convinced Israeli hard-liners—and Premier Rabin as well—that no such compromise is possible. In an interview with the daily *Ma'ariv*, the Premier insisted that "there will not be a third state between Israel and Jordan. The solution to the Palestinian problem must be within the framework of our relations with Jordan"—a proposal that is almost as unacceptable to King Hussein as it is to Arafat. Then Rabin added gloomily, "We may have to go decades without getting peace."



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TERRORISM

Murder on the Milk Train

Early last Tuesday morning, six men carrying machine guns, a pistol and a hunting rifle boarded a four-car electric "milk train" at the Dutch town of Assen. Shortly after it left Beilen, ten miles away, the terrorist stopped the train and seized the passengers as hostages. As police and Dutch soldiers ringed the captive train, another group of terrorists struck in Amsterdam, forcing their way into the Indonesian consulate and taking 41 more hostages, including 16 children. By week's end the terrorists had murdered three people aboard the train, and four more had been wounded in the raid on the consulate.

Europe by now has become accustomed to random acts of violence by terrorists, ranging from Basque extremists to Irish Republican Army gunmen to Palestinian guerrillas. But the perpetrators of last week's outrage—as well as their cause—were little known outside The Netherlands. The terrorists were Indonesians from the South Molucca islands in the Pacific Ocean, and they were demanding that the Dutch help them gain independence from the Jakarta regime.

The kidnapings, and the subsequent cold-blooded murders, virtually paralyzed The Netherlands. While the Cabinet met in emergency sessions, television and radio stations suspended normal programming in favor of solemn music and news bulletins.

Third Day. The Moluccans aboard the captured train warned Dutch authorities that they would kill their passenger-hostages unless a plane was provided to take them to an undisclosed destination. To prove that they meant what they said, the terrorists first threw the body of the locomotive's engineer, who apparently had been killed when the train was seized, onto the tracks. Later, the body of a passenger was tossed out. After nightfall, 14 of the 50-odd hostages managed to run to safety from the rear of the train. The kidnappers stood firm. On the third day of the siege, after a fruitless round of negotiations, another passenger, wearing a yellow shirt and a red tie, was brought to a door of the train. He was shot fatally in the neck and flung onto the railroad bed. Soldiers standing a few hundred yards away openly wept at the cruel sight.

Meanwhile, in Amsterdam, four people were injured—one of them by terrorist gunfire—when they escaped from a third-floor window at the Indonesian consulate. With police sharpshooters ringing the building, mediators negotiated the release of twelve children, but Dutch authorities refused to discuss the Moluccans' demands until all the children were freed. Justice Minister Andreas van Agt also declared that none of the terrorists would be given safe pas-

sage out of the country. At week's end it was clear that the Dutch were determined to play a waiting game with both groups of terrorists, in the hope of wearing down their resistance.

The twin acts of violence were not the first signs of South Moluccan anger. Just before a 1970 visit to The Netherlands by Indonesia's President Suharto, they attacked the Indonesian embassy in The Hague, killing a Dutch policeman. Last week's kidnapings came two days before the Dutch Appeals Court was to rule on prison sentences handed 16 South Moluccans who were implicated in a plot last April to kidnap Queen Juliana and other members of the Royal Family. They planned to storm the palace at Soestdijk after ramming the gates with an armored car.

The Moluccan headache is a heritage of the old days of empire. A chain of islands at the eastern end of the Indonesian archipelago, the Moluccas were once known as the Spice Islands, for their prized crops of cloves, nutmeg and mace. When The Netherlands gave up its East Indies colonies in 1949, a faction of Moluccans, mainly from the island of Amboina, fought against being absorbed into the Indonesian Republic. After Jakarta crushed an attempt to set up a South Moluccan Republic, some 12,000 islanders were allowed to settle in The Netherlands. At the time, the Dutch held out hope for the eventual creation of a Moluccan state, but the government has long since abandoned the goal as unrealistic. The exiled islanders have not. Their numbers swollen by Dutch-born children, Moluccans in Holland today number around 35,000. The cause persists, even though some of the young Moluccan rebels have never seen the islands they kidnap and kill for.

ESCAPER RUNNING FROM HIJACKED TRAIN



HOSTAGE (TOP) JUMPING FROM CONSULATE WINDOW, FALLING & RESCUED BY POLICE

PORUGAL

The Moderates Take Charge

Emboldened by the failure of an abortive radical coup, Portugal's moderates took charge last week in what might fairly be called a middle-road revolution. Since the putdown of the Nov. 25 leftist plot, more than 100 officers and soldiers have been arrested and flown to a safe prison in Oporto. Other radical officers and civilians fled the country, as did a scruffy mob of youthful revolutionary groupies from other nations in Western Europe, who had flocked to Lisbon to help the cause. "It's dreadful," complained one beautiful Swedish blonde. "The revolution's over."

As chief of staff of the armed forces, President Francisco da Costa Gomes warned all organizations in Portugal not to start demonstrations on behalf of the imprisoned leftist soldiers. "We will not be intimidated," his communiqué read—and this time the leftists were aware that the government would back up words with deeds, and even arms if necessary. The government nationalized all but one of the country's radio and television stations and suspended 30 employees who had urged workers to join in the November revolt.

President Costa Gomes lifted the partial siege that he had imposed on Lisbon during the rebellion, even though military authorities continued to look for 30,000 or so weapons that leftist soldiers claim to have stolen from arsenals and distributed to their civilian allies. Roadblocks were thrown up around the country, and cars were searched. Despite these efforts, however, only some 200 weapons had been recovered by week's end.

Two loyalist commandos who died in putting down the rebellion—Lieut. Jorge de Oliveira Coimbra and Corporal Joaquim dos Santos Pires—were

given heroes' funerals after their bodies lay in state at a Lisbon church. Coimbra was buried in Oporto, and tens of thousands lined the roads from the capital to pay their respects.

The revolt led by detachments of radical paratroopers, it now appears, was only the first step of a giant plot to oust the shaky moderate regime headed by Premier José Pinheiro de Azevedo. The radical coup failed because the Communist Party hesitated to call masses of workers into the streets as expected and because leading military sympathizers, like Admiral António Rosa ("Red Rosa") Coutinho, responded to a last-minute patriotic call to duty from Costa Gomes and urged their followers not to revolt. Beyond that, the paratroopers inexplicably rebelled a day ahead of schedule, and ludicrous oversights allowed the moderates to retaliate. One group of rebels locked Air Force General Aníbal José Pinho Freire, commander of the first Lisbon region, in his quarters—right next to his telephone. Pinho Freire not only notified his superiors of what was happening, but coolly directed air force operations from his temporary prison.

Serious Problems. One unanswered question was the role of the Communists in the coup. In Lisbon's Constituent Assembly last week, moderate party delegates charged that the Communists had actually plotted the revolt, but then had stood aside as it became evident that the uprising would fail. Communists nevertheless denied complicity in the affair. "It is clear that my party disapproves of the happenings as they turned out," said Communist Party Spokesman Carlos Brito—to hoots of laughter in the Assembly. Socialist Leader Mário Soares demanded that the



COSTA GOMES & PINHEIRO DE AZEVEDO
"We will not be intimidated."

Communists either repudiate the rebels and promise to support the government or get out of it. There is still one Communist minister in the Cabinet, and other Communists occupy lesser posts.

Portugal's immediate crisis is past, but the country must still reckon with serious problems before achieving either political or economic stability. "The people have seen only the tip of the iceberg," was the gloomy assessment of António Vasco de Melo, one of the country's leading industrialists and president of the Confederation of Portuguese Industry. "The Communist Party is still in control of the big union confederation, and the Communists are still in the government. While this situation continues, there will be no investment in Portugal. The country needs confidence that there is real, practical authority, and it must be felt at the street level."

MOTHER OF SLAIN COMMANDO PIRES GRIEVING OVER HIS COFFIN IN LISBON CHURCH



ANGOLA

A Turn in the Tide

Massive Russian aid is turning the tide in Angola's murky three-way civil war, apparently in favor of the Luanda government of the Soviet-backed M.P.L.A. Last week barrages of Cuban-fired 107-mm. and 122-mm. Soviet rockets turned away the Zaire-based F.N.L.A. forces ten miles north of Luanda, thereby putting the M.P.L.A. capital safely out of range of Chinese 130-mm. artillery manned by white Portuguese Angolans fighting with the F.N.L.A. The M.P.L.A. also recaptured the important road junction of Caxito, northeast of Luanda, and was closing in on the coastal city of Ambroz, which has been a vital supply center for the F.N.L.A. At the same time, the northward thrust of a combined F.N.L.A.-UNITA force, spearheaded by mechanized armor, was stopped along the coast, 150 miles south of Luanda. Slowed by heavy rains that have turned

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THE WORLD

dirt roads to quagmires, those forces are now giving ground.

The civil war in the former Portuguese colony might have been over by now or even averted were it not for foreign intervention. Although none of the groups held a clear majority, there were hopes for a coalition government between the three. None of the Angolan soldiers are particularly well trained, but their will to fight has been stifled by a bewildering array of mercenaries as Angola more and more becomes a big-power pawn and a battleground.

The M.P.L.A.'s chief support comes from 3,000 Cuban troops, reportedly headed by Brigadier General Julio Casas Regueiro, who is regarded as one of Havana's top military men. There are also 400 Russian advisers and a smattering of Algerians and North Vietnamese working with the M.P.L.A.

Heavy Casualties. The combined Soviet-Cuban contingent has inflicted heavy casualties on the F.N.L.A. and UNITA forces, despite military support from Zaire regulars and South African advisers. As a result, Portuguese businessmen are recruiting replacements from the large Portuguese community (400,000 people) in South Africa. That is not the only place where mercenaries are being sought. An ad in the Fresno, Calif., Bee last week advertised for "mercenaries activities in Africa ... military background a must." The ad was placed by David Bunker, 38, a crop duster and former G.I. who said he had been hired by "Portuguese interests" to recruit 300 Americans for UNITA and the F.N.L.A. (\$1,200 a month for a one-year stint).

There are also more important forms of U.S. involvement. Although U.N. Ambassador Daniel Moynihan last week castigated the Soviets for trying to "colonize" Africa, it is an open secret that the U.S. has been funneling aid to the F.N.L.A.-UNITA forces through Zaire. In Luanda, the M.P.L.A. showed off a huge cache of captured weapons and ammunition, the latter mostly American-made. Some crates were marked MILITARY AIRLIFT COMMAND, CHARLESTON, S.C. and consigned to Ndjili Airport, Kinshasa. Others bore the legend FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FOR MUTUAL DEFENSE.

Meanwhile, South Africa's growing involvement in the war appeared to be hampering efforts by the F.N.L.A.-UNITA forces to gain recognition for their own government in Huambo (formerly Nova Lisboa). Although the Organization of African Unity remains neutral in the conflict, three more members—Nigeria, Tanzania and Dahomey (which last week changed its name to the Republic of Benin)—have in the past fortnight recognized the M.P.L.A.'s Luanca government because of South Africa's backing of F.N.L.A.-UNITA. Their action brings to 16 the number of African countries that have recognized the M.P.L.A.; at week's end, none had endorsed the rival Huambo regime.

COMMON MARKET

Britons in Burnooses

Last spring, when the British were debating how to vote in a referendum on whether or not to stay in the Common Market, a top Belgian official said: "It would be masochistic of the British to leave, but it might be sadistic of them to stay." It was a prophetic comment. After trying so hard for so long to join the European Economic Community, Britain has apparently become the chief obstacle to European unity. Last week, after London nearly tore apart a meeting of Common Market heads of government in Rome, one EEC diplomat sadly concluded that "the British still don't understand what the Community is all about, or how it works."

before his Common Market colleagues that "it is no longer a humorous matter to point out that in a few years there is a strong possibility that Britain could become a member of OPEC."

In one of the most bitter exchanges anyone can remember at such a meeting, West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt acidly described Britain as "the poor relative of Europe." He also reminded Wilson that until the oil begins to flow in volume, a nearly bankrupt Britain will be dependent on the support and good will of the Community's richer members. "Dear Harold," Schmidt said, "you still have two or three difficult years ahead of you. The Community is in the habit of coming to the aid of its members in difficulty. In the event of another economic crisis, there would be great need for the common

front of all members. If you run [the Community] aground, certainly Germany will survive more easily than Great Britain." French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who is the chief promoter of the Paris conference, was almost equally antagonized by Wilson's attitude.

One Passport. Getting no support from anyone else, Wilson eventually accepted a compromise. At the conference, the Common Market will speak through the voice of the Italian delegation; two other countries, Britain and Luxembourg, will be able to make comments as well, so long as they basically adhere to the overall Market position. Wilson's obstinacy, however, did gain Britain something: the Nine agreed to support a minimum price for oil, possibly



"Most becoming, Mr. Prime Minister."

The point of contention was next week's ministerial conference in Paris of the rich nations of the North, the poor nations of the South, and the oil cartel. The original plan was that the nine nations of the Common Market would be represented by only one delegation, speaking for all the member states according to principles worked out in advance. In October, however, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's government declared that Britain wanted a seat of its own at the meeting. Wilson said that North Sea oil would soon make Britain a prime producer of oil, and thus it deserved a separate voice.

Not Funny. Whitehall officials have often joked that Britain might some day become a member of the Arab-dominated Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) and that some London civil servants might exchange their bowlers for Arab burnooses. Last week, at Rome's baroque Palazzo Barberini, Wilson in all seriousness argued

\$7 per bbl. The costs of producing the North Sea oil are so great that Britain feared any drop in prices would make its stormy offshore fields unprofitable and thereby ruin forever its chances of rising above its current economic problems.

Before settling its main dispute, the Community was able to adopt two measures symbolic of European unity. Starting in 1978, all citizens of EEC nations will carry one passport, a dark *liv de vin*—dregs of wine—red. There will also be direct elections that year to the European Parliament in Strasbourg, which is now composed of delegates appointed by each government. Though agreeing reluctantly to the timing of the new passport, the British, together with the Danes, warned that they might not be ready for direct elections by 1978. On that relatively small point, the others were not about to argue. "It's not as though this summit achieved a great deal," said one delegate. "What it did do was avoid disaster."

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The Amazing Rabbit



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SOVIET UNION

Reaping a Bad Harvest

Ever since Soviet grain-purchasing agents first came scouting in the U.S. and Canada last April, the suspicion has grown that the U.S.S.R. was headed for yet another of its periodic poor harvests. Then a summer drought hit the European U.S.S.R. In October, rains, frost and snow blighted Central Asian grain-fields. Prematurely freezing temperatures killed winter wheat in the Ukraine. As Soviet grain purchases mounted, U.S. Department of Agriculture specialists estimated that the Soviet grain failure might be as much as 36 million tons short of the 215.6 million ton goal set by Soviet planners for 1975.

The harsh reality emerged last week at a routine session of the Supreme Soviet, the U.S.S.R.'s rubber-stamp parliament. The 1975 harvest has been the worst since 1965, and could be as politically significant as the 1963 crop failures that helped bring down Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev. From the incomplete figures released in Moscow, Western specialists estimated that grain production for 1975 fell to about 139 million tons, or 76.6 million tons short of target.

Bad News. This was bad news for the Soviet economy, for politicians who might be held responsible, for satellite states dependent on Soviet grain and most of all, for the long-suffering Soviet consumer. Since agriculture accounts for about 20% of Soviet output and employs one-third of the population, a disaster of such dimensions was bound to drag down the economy as a whole. Indeed the 1976 budget presented to the Supreme Soviet showed that the target set for the growth of heavy industry in 1976 is 4.9%, compared to 7% in 1975. This drastically reduced growth rate affects primarily consumer industries, thus confirming Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's oft-repeated promises to raise Soviet living standards. East Bloc satellite nations that depend on Russia for their bread will also be hurt.

Soviet grain purchases abroad, though massive, can scarcely make up for the 76.6 million shortfall. Washington experts believe the Soviets will buy about 30 million tons of grain from the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia and Brazil for import by next Oct. 1. Even if more grain were available immediately on world markets, the Soviets would not be able to handle it because of their inadequate distribution system. U.S. and British brokers report extraordinary congestion at Soviet ports, where ships are now waiting as much as five weeks to off-load.

In the circumstances, Premier Aleksei Kosygin's failure to appear at the opening of the Supreme Soviet session, and Brezhnev's midweek absence at a meeting, raised the eyebrows of some Western Kremlinologists. Although the

latest grain disaster was a result of ferocious weather conditions, the two ailing leaders might make handy scapegoats for alleged errors in agricultural planning. Both men later reappeared in public; Sovietologists in Washington predict that Brezhnev will remain firmly in power until well after the Communist Party Congress meets next February. Indeed, Brezhnev reportedly delivered a secret speech to the Supreme Soviet attacking people who might be held accountable for the agriculture catastrophe. The most obvious targets were Agriculture Minister Dimitri Polyansky and Fyodor Kulakov, chief of the party's agricultural department. Both men have been touted as possible successors to Brezhnev, but it is now possible that their careers have been as badly blighted as the grain crop they supervised this year.

of soldiers in the 19th Engineers Regiment at Besançon in eastern France tried to organize a clandestine local with the support of a chapter of the Socialist-dominated Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail, the country's second largest trade union.* Also, a group of enlisted men wearing masks to hide their identities held a press conference to announce the creation of a similar union at Chaumont, 140 miles southeast of Paris. Since then, other illegal army organizations have sprung up, and a Socialist group was sighted recently distributing inflammatory leaflets at a Paris railway station to impressionable recruits on weekend passes.

Two weeks ago, the French government moved to restore discipline to the ranks of the military. Defense Minister Yvon Bourges, a tough Gaullist who had been given the job of shaking up the



MASKED DRAFTEES AT CHAUMONT ANNOUNCING FORMATION OF ILLEGAL UNION

FRANCE

The Soldiers' Revolt

"Soldiers! You are wasting your time here. Learn to use your weapons well because one day they will be useful. You will be able to turn them against your officers, your bosses and the society they protect."

So reads one tract currently circulating in French army barracks from Bordeaux to Strasbourg. That kind of broadside might seem rather tame to soldiers in anarchic Lisbon, but it has had a jolting impact on the somnolent 330,000-man French army, which until recently might have been described as a *force de nap*. In response to these anonymous calls to arms, there has been a widespread effort to organize trade unions or soldiers' committees within the armed forces. Last month a group

armed forces a year ago, sternly announced his intention of indicting such soldiers on a charge of attempting "to demoralize the army for the purpose of harming national defense." He also reactivated an emergency special court for national security that had been set up in 1963 to suppress terrorists of the O.A.S., the secret army organization of French Algerians. Soon afterward, 16 soldiers were arrested. If they are found guilty, they face a maximum of ten years in prison. Declared Bourges' deputy General Marcel Bigeard: "The government has now decided to destroy those who openly advocate the destruction of our society through our army."

Bigeard estimates that there are about 500 active left-wing extremists

*The Dutch army has its own unions, whose members include draftees, NCOs and even officers. The German army permits soldiers to join a civilian union.

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in the French army organized into 60 revolutionary cells. Their rebellious appeals fall on fertile soil at the parade grounds. Despite government attempts to quiet unrest in the ranks and improve morale by tripling the pay of draftees (from 60¢ to \$1.80 a day), French troops are the lowest paid in Europe. Career officers also complain about low pay and the slow pace of advancement in spite of recent efforts to accelerate promotions.

The enduring unrest in the French army is all the more dangerous because of the chilling example of Portugal. Since the April 1974 military coup in Lisbon, governments in Western Europe have been scrutinizing their armed forces—once regarded as citadels of conservatism—for dread signs of "Portugalization." French government officials believe that leftists have taken advantage of the recent military malaise to alienate the army. Defense Minister Bourges claims that Portuguese officers have been dispatched to France to spread revolution in the army and that more than 100 Frenchmen of draft age have gone to Portugal to learn subversive tactics they can put to use when drafted at home. The government has also accused the Socialist Party—a partner of the Communists in France's United Left—of causing trouble in the army by supporting soldiers' committees. The Socialists answer that they merely wish to secure democratic rights for the man in uniform. But according to Premier Jacques Chirac, the Socialists have "gravely compromised the organization of our defense by putting in doubt the indispensable principles of discipline and authority."

SRI LANKA

All in the Family

"The last word in family planning" is how Britain's *Guardian* described it. The paper was referring to the Bandaranaike clan of Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon), who have managed to turn government into something of a family affair. At the head of the Indian Ocean republic is Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister and widow of S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike, who held this post from 1956 until he was assassinated by a Buddhist monk in 1959. Since Mrs. Bandaranaike was last elected in 1970, an imposing number of her relatives—both from her own family, the feudal Ratwatte clan, and her in-laws, the equally aristocratic Bandaranaike—have assumed high office.

The President of the country, William Gopallawa, and the Minister of Agriculture, Hector Kobbekadura, are both relatives by marriage (see chart). Then there are her brothers: Mackie, her private secretary; Barnes, a Supreme Court judge; Sevali, director of the Export Promotion Secretariat; and Clifford, chairman of the State Plantation Corporation. Last month Mrs. Bandaranaike fired her Finance Minister, N.M. Perera, the grand old man of the Trotskyite Sri Lanka Equality Party. She replaced him with another member of the clan, Felix Bandaranaike. Explains one observer: "She takes the position, 'What's wrong with giving my brother a job? He can do it perfectly well, and anyway I can trust him.'" "No one has suggested, though, that the Bandaranaikes are corrupt."

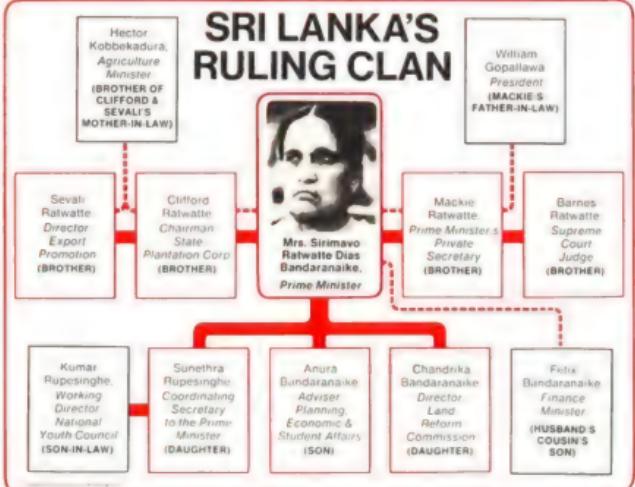
Perera's ouster led to a break with the Trotskyites, who had been in uneasy coalition with the Prime Minister's Sri Lanka Freedom Party. The apparent cause of the political spat was a remark reportedly made by Perera to the effect that Mrs. Bandaranaike's husband had no consistent policy. Perera later apologized for giving offense, but Mrs. Bandaranaike replied that her party would not tolerate "throat cutting in the guise of unity" and forced the Trotskyites out of the government. Others believe the firing of Perera was the result of a tug of war within the ruling clan. In this reading, Mrs. Bandaranaike used Perera's remark as an excuse to move away from the radical left—represented by her daughter Sunethra, who is coordinating secretary to the Prime Minister, her husband Kumar and sister Chandrika—and in the direction of her more conservative son Anura, 27, who has recently become chief organizer of the party's powerful Youth League. The shift to the right is seen as part of an emergency effort to shore up the country's failing economy—and the Prime Minister's falling popularity.

Savings System. Indeed, Sri Lanka's economic crisis is such that if elections were held now, Mrs. Bandaranaike would almost certainly lose. The problem is a familiar one: severe inflation, particularly in food prices, and high unemployment (running to more than 1 million out of a population of 13 million). To head off possible uprisings, the government announced cuts in basic commodity prices and moved ahead with the second phase of a nationalization program, involving the mostly British-owned tea, rubber and coconut plantations.

That move was popular with almost everyone. What outraged the Trotskyites, apart from being bounced from the government, was the effort by Felix Bandaranaike to abandon two of their cherished measures: a compulsory savings system and a ceiling on income. Last week the Trotskyites, who have 16 seats in Parliament to a government voting strength of 99, gave notice that they would call for a vote of no confidence in Parliament later this month. In the unlikely event that the Trotskyites should win, Mrs. Bandaranaike would be forced to call elections.

The Prime Minister, however, is determined not to call elections before August, when the 80-member conference of nonaligned countries will meet in Sri Lanka. No effort is being spared by the government to beautify and modernize the capital, Colombo, for the conference. The airport highway is being rebuilt. A new luxury hotel, the Lanka Oberoi, has just opened, and a new long-distance telephone system is being installed. With a little help from the family, as it were, few in Sri Lanka doubt that Mrs. Bandaranaike will be able to survive the showdown with the Trotskyites to preside over the conference.

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MULDOON & WIFE AFTER HIS VICTORY

NEW ZEALAND

Looking into Mirrors

In the midst of New Zealand's election campaign, Laborite Prime Minister Wallace ("Bill") Rowling observed that if Opposition Leader Robert Muldoon wanted to know "why he is so unacceptable to many people, a quick glance in any mirror would give him the answer." Perhaps Rowling should have looked at the mirror himself. Last week, as he tried to hand over power to Muldoon's triumphant New Zealand National Party, the outgoing Prime Minister allowed that he felt as though he had "been run over by a bus." In an upset, the conservative Nationalists won a 19-seat majority in the 87-member Parliament, almost matching Labor's sweep in 1972, when it ousted the National Party after twelve years in office.

Contrasting Styles. The election in the tiny (pop. 3 million) southwest Pacific nation was a contest in contrasting political styles. Rowling, a reserved, diminutive former schoolteacher and university lecturer, is most convincing with small groups, and tended at the outset of the campaign to avoid speaking before big crowds. Stocky, abrasive Muldoon is a cost accountant with a pugnacious political style that proved to be a powerful attraction on the campaign trail. Muldoon criticized Rowling as "too timid and too tentative" to be Prime Minister. Although New Zealand is not exactly beset by a crime wave, Muldoon promised law-and-order government. He also attacked Labor's economic record— inflation has risen from 5.5% in 1972 to 14.8% this year—and accused the government of mortgaging New Zealand's future by borrowing heavily

THE WORLD

overseas (more than \$1 billion since 1972). The debts have been incurred to protect the economy from recession at a time of sagging world demand for the nation's exports (principally lamb, beef, dairy products, wool, and pulp and paper products).

In power, Muldoon's National Party will probably try to dampen inflation and reduce the \$970 million balance of payments deficit by imposing import restrictions and reducing or eliminating subsidies aimed at protecting consumers from rising transport, postal and electricity costs. Promising "a year of belt tightening," Muldoon could be in for rough times with organized labor.

The toppling of New Zealand's Laborites was a matter of lively interest in Australia. Three years ago, Labor governments were elected in both countries within a week of each other. This week Australian voters go to the polls to resolve the constitutional crisis created when Malcolm Fraser, head of the Liberal-National Country Party coalition, was named by Governor General Sir John Kerr to form a caretaker government, replacing Labor Party Leader Gough Whitlam as Prime Minister (TIME, Nov. 24). Australia's Labor Party, like New Zealand's, was accused of economic mismanagement in office. Though voting patterns in the two countries often diverge, the fate of Rowling's party was still not a hopeful omen for Whitlam.

LAOS

Polite Revolution

In true Laotian style, last week's coup by the Communist Pathet Lao was a well-mannered affair, allowing for some touches of face-saving grace. It began with a series of "popular" demonstrations, some of them so tamely orchestrated that bored crowds began to wander away before the big finale. Then it was announced that a two-day Congress of 265 People's delegates had taken place in Vientiane, although no one in the capital had seen or heard of it. At each event, figurehead King Savang Vatthana, 68, and his 18-month-old coalition were thanked for having helped the revolution and then courteously advised that it was time to go. Finally, the King was escorted to the Communists' jungle capital of Viengsay (Victory City). There he dutifully abdicated the 650-year-old monarchy, and the People's Democratic Republic of Laos was officially declared. Thus, after 30 years of almost continuous war among themselves, and against France and then the U.S., all the peoples of Indochina had finally fallen under solidly Communist regimes.

"It's just like a play on a stage," mourned one young Lao last week. "It's democratic in the Pathet Lao way, not our way. But it is useless to resist." In

fact, despite the regime's direct impact on their lives, the 3 million Laotians remain among the world's most apolitical people. The Pathet Lao is neither as ruthless as Cambodia's Khmer Rouge nor as disciplined as the Vietnamese. In gradually seizing control of the country since mid-April, the Communists have managed to stay popular with their subjects by emphasizing such mass themes as anti-corruption and self-rule. They have made skillful propaganda use of traditional Laotian music, to the point that some foreign diplomats in Vientiane call it "the song-and-dance revolution." Although Vientiane's once notorious opium dens have been padlocked, some garishly lit dance halls are still open—and still packed. The Pathet Lao has even courteously allowed non-Communist embassies—including even those of the U.S. and Israel—to function.

Communist Liechtenstein. Little is known inside or outside Laos about the country's new rulers. "Red Prince" Souphanouvong, half-brother of the ousted Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, will probably stay on as the republic's figurehead President. The new Premier and secretary-general of the party is Kaysone Phomvihan; his principal deputy is Nounak Phousavan, a senior member of the Pathet Lao central committee. Both men have strong loyalties to Hanoi: Kaysone's father was Vietnamese, while Nounak is reportedly a protégé of Ho Chi Minh's. It remains to be seen whether they will try to turn sleepy Laos into a miniversion of monolithic North Viet Nam, or whether this little country will remain open to the West—a "Communist Liechtenstein," as one observer puts it, in the midst of Indochina.

KING SAVANG VATTHANA & WIFE LAST MAY



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

TIME All-America: Ready to Run

When pro football's annual college draft begins next month, the obvious first choice would seem to be Ohio State Running Back Archie Griffin. He has, after all, run for 100 yds. or more in 31 consecutive regular-season games and carried the ball for nearly three miles in his Ohio State career. Last week he became the only player ever to win the Heisman Trophy twice. Despite those credentials, Griffin may not be first to go. According to pro scouts, the man most likely to succeed in an N.F.L. backfield is Chuck Muncie, a hard-driving, shifty tailback from the University of California at Berkeley (see box). Rated not far behind Muncie and Griffin is Oklahoma's quicksilver running back Joe Washington. "There's no question about it," says one scout. "This is the year of the running back." It is also a big year for the heartland: 13 of the nation's 29 top players come from Big Ten and Big Eight schools. Picked by N.F.L. scouts as the seniors most coveted by the pros, here is the TIME All-America Team, class of '76.

OFFENSE

QUARTERBACK. *Craig Penrose*, San Diego State, 6 ft. 3 in., 213 lbs. In what the scouts see as only a fair crop of quarterbacks, Penrose is the only highly regarded prospect. The kind of drop-back, stay-in-the-pocket passer that the pros like, Penrose completed 57% of his passes and threw for 15 touchdowns this season at San Diego.

Cal's Improbable Hero

The last time the University of California at Berkeley fielded a top-ranked football team was in 1958, when the Golden Bears went on to the Rose Bowl (and lost). Since then, the campus has been stirred up more by student rebellions than football victories. Now Chuck Muncie has changed all that. Playing with a combination of power and brains that left defenses wondering where he would strike next, the Cal tailback scored 14 touchdowns, averaged 132 yds. rushing per game, and caught 37 passes for 354 yds. this season. He could well be the No. 1 draft choice of the pros next month. He helped carry California to their best record (eight wins, three losses) in 24 years.

One year ago, the prospect that Muncie would lead such a revival seemed remote. In the 1974 season he had played routinely. He was known primarily as "the guy who wears glasses during the game." Then in January he

RUNNING BACKS. *Chuck Muncie*, California, 6 ft. 3 in., 230 lbs.; and *Archie Griffin*, Ohio State, 5 ft. 9 in., 182 lbs. Muncie is valued over Griffin because of his superior size and pass-catching skills. Like Chuck Foreman, the Minnesota Vikings' multitalented running back, Muncie is called a "devastating runner with the moves of a half-

RON KESTENBERG



CHUCK MUNCIE BREAKING AWAY

watched Cal Quarterback Steve Bartkowski, who had excelled only as a senior, get drafted No. 1 by the pros. "That seemed to light a fire in Chuck," says California Head Coach Mike White. A little commitment was all Muncie needed to take advantage of superb natural gifts: the strength to bench-press 275 lbs., the speed to run the 100 in 9.7 sec., and the coordination and leg power to high-jump 6 ft. 9 in.

Living off-campus in Oakland with his German shepherd and the coach of Cal's junior-varsity team, Muncie is happy when he can disappear into the California wilderness on cross-country skis or with a backpack. "I really enjoy getting away," he says. "Out there, no one can hassle you." Last winter he

back." Griffin, though he may not be the top draft choice, is hardly a forgotten man. "He's superquick and supercompetitive," notes a scout. Griffin is also durable. He has never missed a college game because of injury, though he carries the ball an average of 20 times per game. For a team in the market for a scalback like Terry Metcalf of the St. Louis Cardinals, the answer is *Joe Washington*, University of Oklahoma, 5 ft. 10 in., 184 lbs.

WIDE RECEIVERS. *Larry Dorsey*, Tennessee State, 6 ft. 1 in., 187 lbs.; and *Tinker Owens*, Oklahoma, 5 ft. 11 in., 180 lbs. Dorsey, with 4.5-sec. speed in the 40-yd. dash, has impressed the scouts by catching 47 passes this season despite frequent triple coverage. Owens, whose older brother Steve was a Heisman Award-winning running back for Oklahoma six years ago, "doesn't have size or speed but makes the clutch catch." Even though Oklahoma won the Big Eight title this year with a minimum of passing, the scouts say another top wide receiver is Owens' teammate *Billy Brooks*, 6 ft. 3 in., 202 lbs.

TIGHT END. *Bennie Cunningham*, Clemson, 6 ft. 5 in., 239 lbs. Cunningham plays at a position where blocking is as important as catching, and he excels at both. "He's a mountain of a man," say the experts. "Has good hands and is an exceptional blocker."

CENTER. *Pete Brock*, Colorado, 6 ft. 6 in., 258 lbs. Brock is considered the best offensive lineman in the draft. He scatters opposing linemen with his blocks and hits his punter on the numbers with every long snap. "If an ex-

spended four grueling days climbing 3,500 ft. up snowbound Rte. 120 into Yosemite National Park. The purpose: three days of skiing in pristine Tuolumne Meadows. "No one had set foot in that snow," he says.

A native of Uniontown, Pa., Muncie is the fourth brother in his family to play football. Nelson is a cornerback with the Baltimore Colts. Bill was an all-star running back with the B.C. Lions in Canadian football, and George played briefly with the Minnesota Vikings. Chuck, who changed the spelling of his last name from Munsey because "Muncie goes back to my grandfather and great-grandfather," wants to be drafted by a California team. But wherever he ends up, Muncie does not plan to overstay his welcome. He is thinking of attending law school during the off-seasons, because of his concern about white-collar crime. For the next few years, though, N.F.L. defenses will have their hands full trying to collar Chuck Muncie.



"Mining tears up the land."

Is mining good or bad? There's some truth in both points of view.

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it make sense that he'll do more to make sure you get the best coverage? After all, without your business he's out of business.

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pansion team wants a thinking big man to start building an offense around," claims one scout. "Brock is the pick."

GUARDS. *Ken Jones*, Arkansas State, 6 ft. 5 in., 255 lbs.; and *Joe Devlin*, Iowa, 6 ft. 5 in., 277 lbs. Jones is the kind of guard the late Vince Lombardi would have admired: with 4.8 speed in the 40-yd. dash, he pulls out swiftly ahead of his running backs. Devlin is another formidable blocker, quick off the ball and adept at keeping pass rushers away from his quarterback.

TACKLES. *Dennis Lick*, Wisconsin, 6 ft. 4 in., 262 lbs.; and *Rod Walters*, Iowa, 6 ft. 4 in., 260 lbs. The pros like Lick because he "sustains a block," keeping holes open for his running backs and protecting his quarterback for the extra second it often takes to break a big play. Walters is "exceptionally fast off the ball," hitting and straightening up defensive linemen right after the snap.

DEFENSE

ENDS. *Leroy Selmon*, Oklahoma, 6 ft. 3 in., 256 lbs.; and *Troy Archer*, Colorado, 6 ft. 3 in., 219 lbs. Selmon, one of the most tantalizing prospects in the draft, is from a family of Oklahoma linemen (Brother Lucious played guard two years ago, and Brother Dewey plays it now). Selmon's ability to shed blockers and diagnose plays is not his only attraction. "You can say all the clever things you want," says one scout, "but with Leroy it boils down to one thing: he'll knock your block off." Only slightly less menacing is Archer, a pass rusher who "mauls" offensive linemen.

TACKLES. *Steve Niehaus*, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 5 in., 260 lbs.; and *Ken Novak*, Purdue, 6 ft. 7 in., 274 lbs. Niehaus is "the bread-and-butter guy a scout can make a living on." His specialty: running down backs from behind. He made 113 unassisted tackles this fall. Novak is not quite so sure a choice. The scouts do not consider his senior season good enough, but still rate him above the rest of the field because of his size.

LINEBACKERS. *Kevin McLain*, Colorado State, 6 ft. 2 in., 238 lbs.; *Larry Gordon*, Arizona State, 6 ft. 4 in., 222 lbs.; and *Greg Buttle*, Penn State, 6 ft. 2 1/2 in., 232 lbs. McLain is so aggressive the scouts joke that he may have to take tranquilizers to make it in the pros. In a game against New Mexico this year, McLain made eleven unassisted tackles—three for losses—and intercepted two passes, running one back 58 yds. for a touchdown. Gordon is "a head hunter"; he averaged 13 tackles a game this year. For Buttle, the word is "smart." He is particularly skilled at covering running backs who slip downfield on pass patterns. Two other linebacking prospects are *Clarence Sanders*, Cincinnati, 6 ft 4 in., 225 lbs.; and *Ron McCartney*, Tennessee, 6 ft. 3 in., 225 lbs.

CORNERBACKS. *James Hunter*, Grambling, 6 ft. 3 in., 194 lbs.; and *Mike Haynes*, Arizona State, 6 ft. 3 in., 195 lbs. With the speed of summer lightning,



LERoy SELMON ON THE HUNT
"He'll knock your block off."

Hunter is the dream cornerback. A favorite tactic is to zip up to the line and stun runners trying to sweep around the end. When he intercepts a pass, Hunter takes off like a running back. Haynes is another return threat who led the country in interceptions (eleven) when he was a junior. The scouts say that *Pat Thomas*, Texas A. & M., 5 ft. 10 in., 180 lbs., is also a cornerback who will not last long in the draft.

SAFETIES. *Tim Fox*, Ohio State, 6 ft., 186 lbs.; and *Kurt Knoff*, Kansas, 6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs. With "exceptional range, good hands, and great ball sense," Fox is the cornerstone of a secondary that helped the Ohio State defense limit opponents to 7.2 points per game. Knoff, despite a knee injury, is valuable to the pros because "he likes to hit."

SPECIALISTS

KICKER. *Chris Bahr*, Penn State, 5 ft. 9 in., 166 lbs. Moonlighting for the Philadelphia Atoms, Bahr was rookie of the year in the North American Soccer League last season. Kicking for Penn State this year, he has hit on 18 of 33 field goals, including three 55-yd. boots.

PUNTER. *Rick Engels*, Tulsa, 5 ft. 10 in., 175 lbs. Averaging 46.5 yds. per punt, and lofting them high enough to allow tight coverage, Engels will probably put a lot of opponents in poor field position next year.

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CANDICE BERGEN PREPARES FOR A NEW JOB

"Trial by fire" was the way Actress **Candice Bergen**, 29, described her newest role, that of photojournalist on NBC's early morning *Today Show*. Starting in January, Bergen will appear once a week to display her photographs and provide accompanying commentary on subjects ranging from rodeos and aging to feminism and the Ku Klux Klan. "I don't call myself a seasoned journalist, but I've been taking pictures since I was 19," said Candy, a touch defiantly.

When he was 16, he ran away from his Queens home to join the Marines "I was afraid the war would be over before I got in," said Columnist **Art Buchwald**, "so I gave some drunk a half-pint of whisky and got him to sign my papers as my father." Last week Buchwald was given the "Runaway of the Year" award—predicted to 1942—by the Special Approaches in Juvenile Assistance Board. The funnyman allowed as how he had only one regret: "The old drunk who patriotically gave me to his country" was not on hand for the occasion. Unlike a journalist, Art wasn't writing down the name and address that day in 1942.

"I just need the money," claimed **Caitlin Thomas**, 60, explaining her decision to put 32 love letters from her late husband, Poet **Dylan Thomas**, up for auction in London. "Dylan wanted us to be young and unwise forever—to be permanently naughty children. He managed this by killing himself with booze, but I was left to grow old." And poor, ap-

parently. The poet's letters, still in copyright to his trustees, failed to attract a suitable bid and went unsold.

"He was really like Andy Hardy, a starry-eyed boy who liked to have a good time," mused Author **Gore Vidal** about his latest subject, the Roman Emperor Caligula, who once appointed his horse as Consul and twice abducted brides of noblemen in the middle of their weddings. "He was a hedonist." Vidal's screenplay is scheduled to go before the cameras in Rome next year. Appropriately, the \$7 million production will be financed by a 20th century hedonist, *Penthouse* Publisher **Bob Guccione**.

Queen Elizabeth's court is considered pretty starchy, but it does believe sinners can be redeemed by good works. For former Tory Minister **John Profumo**, the road to redemption led from Parliament to London's slums after his affair with *Call Girl* **Christine Keeler** in 1963. Last week Profumo, 60, was at Buckingham Palace with his wife, **Valerie Hobson**. The former Secretary of State for War had come to accept the Queen's thanks and investiture as a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for his work with ex-addicts, alcoholics and London's homeless.

His show had flopped, hers had been faltering, and so last week **Sonny** and **Cher** announced their plans to re-



JOHN PROFUMO LEAVES BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Some TV shows can be at least as educational for the performers as the audience. Actor **Edward Herrmann**, who will portray President Franklin Roosevelt in a Jan. 11-12 special titled *Eleanor and Franklin*, was less than two years old when F.D.R. died in 1945. "Until recently, I knew very little about him," says the actor, "except that my father didn't like him and my mother did." Besides Herrmann's show, which co-



CHARLES DURNING & ARTHUR HILL SQUARE OFF FOR THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES

sume the old television partnership. Starting Feb. 1, Cher's Sunday-night variety series will once again become *The Sonny and Cher Show*. "It's only a business reconciliation, not a reconciliation of marriage," cautioned Sonny, referring to the couple's divorce last June and Cher's subsequent on-and-off-again marriage to Rock Singer **Gregg Allman**. Grumbled George Slaughter, Cher's current producer: "I'm producing a variety show, but I'm living a soap opera."



EDWARD HERRMANN & JANE ALEXANDER



WITH HIS WIFE VALERIE HOBSON



GERNRICH & HIS LATEST CREATION

guests paid \$50 each to attend. Topless Swimsuit Creator **Rudi Gernreich** offered two models decked out in bicycle parts. "In a machine age, people are drawn to machinery," explained Rudi, "and it is sensuous and sexy." *Chacun à son goût.*

"There have been times when I've thought of suicide, but with my luck it'd probably be a temporary solution," fretted Director-Actor-Author **Woody Allen** in a New York Times interview on the eve of his 40th birthday. "Love is the answer. But while you're waiting for the answer, sex raises some pretty good questions." Bisexuality, for instance. Observed Woody: "It immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night." Allen, however, is spurning all dates as he completes his newest movie, a drama about the 1950s Hollywood blacklist entitled *The Front*.

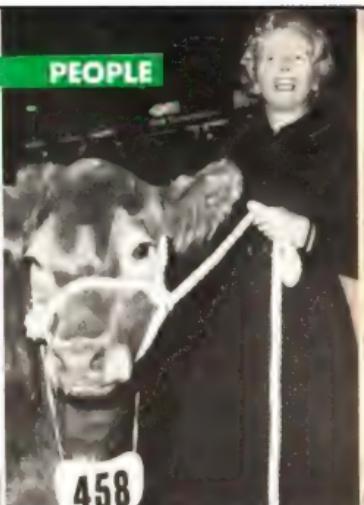
When the Custom Tailors Guild of America presented its 29th annual "best-dressed men" list last week, the winners included sequin-studded Rock Star **Elton John**, football's **O.J. Simpson** and Chicago Mayor **Richard Daley**, who was cited for "his impeccable choice of garments and his manner of wearing them." **President Ford** had to settle for a quick cuff from the tailors. Said the guild: "He simply hasn't got it."



E.G. MARSHALL & HENRY FONDA

stars **Jane Alexander** as Eleanor Roosevelt, the small screen will soon show at least two more documentary dramas based on America's past. **Arthur Hill** and **Charles Durning** will appear as Abe Lincoln and Stephen Douglas in *The Rivalry* on Dec. 12, and **Henry Fonda** and **E.G. Marshall** will star as General Douglas MacArthur and President Truman in *Collision Course* on Jan. 4.

Designer **Diane von Furstenberg** offered a roll of paper towels imprinted with 250 lipstick kisses. **Giorgio di Sant' Angelo** sent a 9-ft. hand-painted silk banner worth (he said) \$20,000. The occasion: a "Fashion as Fantasy" exhibit held in Manhattan to raise money for Fountain House, a New York psychiatric rehabilitation center. Five hundred



TORY LEADER MARGARET THATCHER WITH KOJAK

The smiling lady is British Tory Leader **Margaret Thatcher**, who had come to London's Royal Smithfield Show to cultivate the farm vote. The wary-eyed animal at her side is Kojak, a Charolais and Aberdeen Angus steer entered in the annual livestock fair. Kojak, the property of **Sir Hugh Fraser** (who is chairman of Harrods department store), had good reason for uneasiness. Despite his new political connection, he was put on the auction block and bought by butchers to be converted into Christmas roast beef.

PHOTO BY PAUL COOPER



MAYOR RICHARD DALEY AT A CHICAGO FASHION SHOW

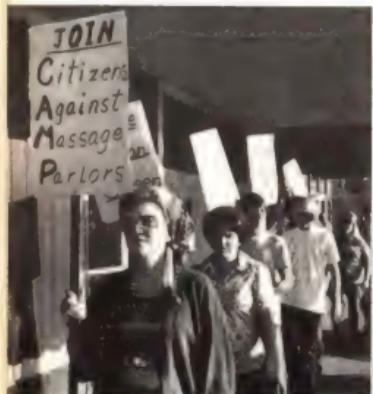
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PICKETS IN FREMONT, CALIF.



Body Shops

They have names like Ecstasy Unlimited, the Velvet Touch and This Is Heaven. They are in business mostly as "massage parlors," but when police try to shut them down, they squirm into some new designation—rap parlors, escort services, schools of sexual technique, nude encounter groups and even nude weight-lifting centers.

Some are legitimate enterprises, some offer vague sexual titillation, and many are simply brothels. Parlors that advertise or hint at "full sexual services" are spreading across the country as fast as fast-food stores.* Indeed, the massage-parlor phenomenon is an American twist on the world's oldest profession: merchandising women's bodies in storefronts, complete with ad budgets and payment by credit card.

More than most businesses, massage parlors are constantly adjusting to new—and unusual—market conditions. Los Angeles County attempted a crackdown by requiring masseuses to pay \$300 for a two-month training course and produce letters of recommendation from five solid citizens. One result: a switch in operations to nude encounter groups, an "indoor nudist colony," and "out-call massage" services like Hollywood's Chick Delight, which advertises "finger-lickin' good" women who home-deliver "snack boxes of breasts, thighs, white meat and dark." Another L.A. out-call service sets prices according to the skills and dimensions of the woman (one staffer was discounted to \$25 because she was seven months pregnant).

Sex on Wheels. A favorite gimmick to avoid police harassment is to set up shop outside city limits. Eighteen massage parlors just over the city line of Tucson, Ariz., were raided last June by Pima County police. Since then, five new ones have opened.

Agile parlor operators stand ever ready to stay one jump ahead of the law. When Chicago parlor operators learned that state prostitution statutes made no mention of masturbatory acts, masseuses legally provided such services until the city uncovered a state obscenity statute that could be applied. The owner of Milwaukee's Touch of Class, who claimed to be running a legitimate business, closed down after the city passed a massage-parlor law. Then he threatened to reopen as a photographic-arts studio. The city discovered it also had regulations covering photo studios, so Touch of Class is now a nude-sketch studio. San Francisco operators metamorphosed their businesses from bottomless bars to topless restaurants, massage parlors and now nude encounter groups.

In once staid Des Moines, which has some 20 sex-service businesses, a ban on out-call massage produced a new industry: out-call nude modeling.

Yet in some areas imaginative citizens are fighting massage parlors and succeeding. Residents of Fremont, Calif., picketed two parlors and publicized the license plates of customers. After two weeks, one parlor closed, and the other agreed to turn into a legitimate massage service. Now the group plans to picket the town's seven remaining parlors.

One of the common legal tactics for controlling parlors is strict "regulation." Falls Church, Va., a Washington suburb, requires massage parlors to pay a whopping \$5,000 annual fee and masseuses to take 1,000 hours of training. Since such requirements are clearly open to legal challenge, some cities are attempting to use zoning laws as weapons. New York City, which has some 70 parlors in Manhattan, may soon try zoning with a twist—massage parlors would be legal in the western section of midtown only if attached to a community facility or a hotel with 200 rooms or more. Even then, however, such mutations as rap parlors and sensitivity-training centers would not be affected. San Francisco, which has tried numerous regulations, is considering a stronger zoning law but has decided to await a U.S. Supreme Court decision on De-

Women's Underground

Did you know that there are women coal miners? Novice Miner Susan Miller, 25, says cold cash prompted her descent from a sewing-machine factory into the depths of Freeman United Coal Mining Co.'s Orient 6 mine at Waltonville, Ill. For her \$42.75 daily trainee's pay, double her former earnings, Miner Miller works the coal belt, builds support partitions and sprays rock dust to prevent fires from coal fumes. Co-worker Mary Siebert, 38, a divorced mother of three who was the first woman on the job last August, says she was not trying to prove anything: "I had no choice; I needed the money desperately." She is "not a liberationist whatsoever," she says. Her paycheck helps support a teenage son, Tim, 16, her daughter Linda, 21, a college student, and her daughter's child. The male miners' reaction to Miller, Siebert and a third new miner, Toni Campbell? They are resentful because, among other things, the women are exempt from shoveling and other heavy jobs. Smaller matters also trouble the women. Among them: finding a private spot, 800 ft. underground, to go to the bathroom.

*To avoid confusion, many legal massage establishments stress that they are licensed.

MASSEUSE UNDER ARREST IN CHICAGO

troit's authority to control porn shops and theaters through zoning.

Chicago is one of the few cities that seems to have the parlor operators on the run. Police have conducted 246 raids in three years, arresting whores and customers alike. By last October, when a new ordinance required parlors to be fully clothed, the number of Chicago's massage establishments had dwindled from 35 to 14. Now only five are left. Says Sergeant Bob Baker of the city's vice squad "For some strange reason, we seem to be winning." That reason may not be the law, which has failed elsewhere, but the power of the man who ordered it enforced: Mayor Richard Daley.

Alma Neuter?

Though the battle for coeducation is pretty much won, vestiges of all-male days remain to haunt campus feminists. One example: the unabashedly male-chauvinist wording of Penn State's *Alma Mater*. The anthem's phrase "Thou didst mold us, dear old State," recently lost its refrain "Into men, into men." "When we stood at boyhood's gate" emerged unisexually as "childhood's gate." Elsewhere, however, sexism yet sounds in full voice. At Princeton football games, for example, "her sons" still give "three cheers for Old Nassau." Princeton Recording Secretary Fred Fox says that if "sons" goes, so must the preceding "her." Old Guardsperson Fox vows he will fight to the end against calling Princeton "it."



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CONDOR / OVER NAZCA PLAINS

Nazca Balloonists?

Scientists have long wondered how the ancient Nazcas were able to draw the giant designs and figures that stretch for miles across Peru's bleak Nazca plains. They have been particularly fascinated by the fact that although there are no nearby mountains, the designs are recognizable only from a high elevation.

Maria Reiche, a German researcher, speculates that the Nazca artists executed the drawings by first sketching them on small plots of land, then used a complex system of strings and central piles of rock to make large-sized "blow-ups" (TIME, March 25, 1974). Members of the International Explorers Society, a travel-oriented organization based in Coral Gables, Fla., have another explanation. They believe that the Nazcas laid out their remarkable figures while being guided by observers hovering above them in a hot-air balloon. In an attempt to prove their point, I.E.S. members last month flew a crude balloon over the figures.

The I.E.S. began to develop its theory when members who had flown over the giant figures became convinced that it was technically impossible for the Nazcas to create—or appreciate—their without a vantage point in the sky. Further research suggested that the vantage point could well have been a balloon. Textiles recovered from desert graves provided evidence that the Nazcas had the materials to make the balloon's envelope, and a picture on an ancient

Nazca ceramic pot seems to represent a hot-air bag. The researchers also found a significant clue in documents at the University of Coimbra in Portugal. These papers revealed that in 1709 a Brazilian-born Jesuit missionary named Bartholomeu de Gusmão went to Lisbon and demonstrated (74 years before France's Montgolfier brothers flew their balloon over Paris) a model of a balloon believed to have been used by the Indians. Filled with smoke and buoyed by hot air from glowing coals in a clay pot, the replica rose from Gusmão's hand and floated toward the palace ceiling.

Delayed Lift-Off. To support its theory, the I.E.S. decided to build and fly its own version of a Nazca balloon. The result was an odd contraption called *Condor I*, with an 88-ft.-high envelope made from fabric that closely resembles materials recovered from Nazca gravesites. The balloon's lines and fastenings were made from native fibers; the boat-shaped gondola was woven from totora reeds picked by Indians from Peru's 24-mile-high Lake Titicaca.

Flying the balloon proved more difficult than building it. Once released on its maiden flight, *Condor* climbed quickly, reaching an altitude of 600 ft. in 30 seconds. Then, buffeted by brisk winds, it fell back to earth and hit with a thud that bounced the two pilots out of their gondola. Free of both pilots and ballast, *Condor* lifted off again, rose to 1,200 ft., flew about 2½ miles in 18 minutes, and then landed gently on the plain.

Despite the near disaster, Michael DeBakey (son of the heart surgeon and an I.E.S. director) feels that the point has been made. "We set out to prove that the Nazcas had the skill, the materials and the need for flight," he says. "I think we have succeeded."

The flight of the *Condor* may also have accomplished another goal of the I.E.S. Until recently, Peruvian authorities have shown little interest in protecting the Nazca drawings, some of which have already been partially obscured by footprints and tire tracks. Now, inspired by *Condor*, the mayors

of nearby towns have joined in an effort to protect the drawings. Also, the government is looking into the construction of a 30-passenger dirigible to carry tourists who want to view the drawings

Commuting in Space

In the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, scientists with business on the moon board a Pan American space liner and make the flight as casually as today's businessmen take the Eastern Airlines shuttle between Washington and New York. U.S. airlines may never offer trips into space, but NASA is well on the way toward achieving regular space flight, pointing toward the day when craft will shuttle men and materials between earth and orbiting space stations. The agency is assembling the first reusable spaceship, and has begun to train astronauts to fly the new space shuttle, which will be ready to go into orbit in 1979.

Quite Economical. The basic concept of the shuttle has changed little since the \$5.25 billion project was approved by President Nixon in 1972. The plan calls for five airplane-like orbiters that can fly up to 100 missions without major overhaul, and the aim is to mount some 60 missions a year. The first of the 122-ft.-long, delta-winged ships now being assembled at Rockwell International in Palmdale, Calif., is about the size of a conventional DC-9 passenger jet, but double the weight. It will lift a payload of 65,000 lbs. in a cavernous cargo bay big enough to hold two of the fighter planes that flew from the decks of World War II aircraft carriers. This capacity, and the fact that the shuttle is reusable, should make the orbiter quite economical by space-age standards. On Apollo missions, it cost \$600 to lift each pound of payload into space. The cost with the shuttle is estimated to be only \$160.

The shuttle was also designed to be comfortable. Its spacious three-level cabin will provide ample room for seven, including pilot and copilot, to move around in shirtsleeve comfort in an earthlike pressure and atmosphere. It

ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF SPACE SHUTTLE GOING INTO ORBIT HIGH ABOVE EARTH



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A sound meter records decibel levels inside each car during the Granada, Seville and Mercedes 55 mph ride.



The cars are driven over the simulated rough road surface at varying speeds and road surfaces.

Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac and Mercedes...with a sticker price under \$4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But can a car sticker priced under \$4,000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

A series of interior sound level and riding comfort tests were recently conducted, and some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort

In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280 were measured over var-

ious road surfaces and speed conditions. In one of these tests the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road of irregularly spaced boards. (Above right)

A sensitive electronic vibration recorder was used to plot each car's vibration levels at speeds of 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. In all the various tests Granada consistently ranked first or second.

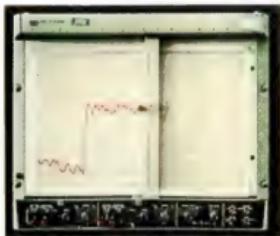
Test 2: Interior noise

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph

A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. All rode quietly. In all the tests, at varying speeds and road surfaces, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter.

Sound level in decibels at 55 mph.

| | |
|-------------------|------|
| CADILLAC SEVILLE | 66.0 |
| FORD GRANADA | 67.5 |
| MERCEDES-BENZ 280 | 68.5 |



Vibration level at 55 mph: Cadillac Seville 66.0, Ford Granada 67.5, Mercedes-Benz 280 68.5.



Cadillac Seville 66.0, Ford Granada 67.5, Mercedes-Benz 280 68.5.



1976 Ford Granada. The most fuel efficient car in its class.



A Ford Granada 4-door. \$3,798.
Mercedes-Benz 280. \$12,225.
Cadillac Seville. \$12,479.



Ford Granada 4-door. \$3,798.
Mercedes-Benz 280. \$12,225.
Cadillac Seville. \$12,479.

EPA test: Gas mileage

An important test of any car's performance today is its gas mileage. The 1976 Granada, with its standard 200 CID engine and manual transmission (not available in Calif.) received an official U.S. Government EPA estimate of 30 miles per gallon, highway, and 22 city.

Of course, your mileage will vary with the kind of driving you do, how you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition. But compare Granada's EPA ratings for yourself before you buy.

Personal comforts

Put Granada to this test yourself. We feel confident you'll find it well endowed in the passenger comforts. Designed for interior spaciousness, front and back. With plush cut-pile carpeting. Deep-

cushioned seats. Recessed control panel for added room. A remarkably smooth and quiet ride.

Now compare the feeling of comfort inside a new Ford Granada with any fine car of your choice.

Price: Under \$4,000

Ford Granada was designed to offer the classic style and comforts of some of the world's finest automobiles—at a sensible price.

Ford Granada's base sticker price \$3,797 for the 2-Door, \$3,798 for the 4-Door, excluding taxes, title and destination charges (with 200 CID engine not available in Calif.). Of course, you can add popular options such as automatic transmission, AM/FM radio, air conditioning and very special luxury touches, as well.



Ford Granada. \$3,798-\$3,798 (Calif.)

If you're looking for something special in a new car this year, visit your local Ford Dealer. Give the 1976 Ford Granada your closest inspection.

The closer you look, the better we look.
See your local Ford dealer.

FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



**With all the
talk about smoking
I decided I'd
either quit
or smoke
True.**



**I smoke
True.**



King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's: Regular: 13 mg.
"tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report April '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

also contains enough amenities to shatter any sex barriers to space travel. "We've been asked if we would be able to fly women," said one NASA official. "The last guy who said no got fired."

Should a mission run into trouble, the shuttle has some unique rescue equipment. Stranded or disabled crewmen will be transferred to a rescue shuttle in pressurized 33-in.-diameter spheres of Neoprene-coated nylon. The transfer will be made either on a clothesline-and-pulley system or by a cranelike device operated by pressure-suited, space-walking astronauts from one of the ships.

Dead Stick. Launching the shuttle should be relatively easy. Fastened piggyback style to two 149-ft. boosters and a 154-ft. tank of liquid propellant, the ship will lift off from Cape Canaveral. After separation, the solid fuel boosters will be parachuted back into the ocean, to be picked up and reused. The liquid-propellant tank, jettisoned after sending the shuttle into orbit, will not be reused.

From the moment of leaving orbit to touchdown, landings can be automated; all the crew will have to do is sit tight as the computer brings the shuttle in. But should something go wrong that would require the pilot to take over, the trip home could be tricky. The shuttle is designed to descend toward its final glide path at an angle of 24°, not the nearly flat approach followed by conventional jetliners. This means that the craft will descend from 20,000 ft. to the ground in less than two minutes. It will land at about 210 m.p.h., some 40 m.p.h. faster than the hottest jet fighters. Such a maneuver will require exquisite timing. The shuttle is designed to land with a "dead stick"—without power—which means that the pilot must set it down successfully on his first try; the ship has no capacity to go around again.

Pilots who have flown the shuttle in simulated flights say it has all the maneuverability of a stone. "The shuttle must have been designed by a brick mason," says Astronaut Karol Bobko. "If the wings fell off would the pilot even notice it?" TIME Correspondent David Lee, who flew the simulator during a visit to the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, reports: "The ship is so skittish and its speed so great that the pilot has no room for error."

The Rockwell International and Lockheed engineers responsible for the shuttle admit that their hybrid—part spaceship, part aircraft—is tricky to fly. "It is an unforgiving aircraft," agrees Test Pilot Fred Jackson. "Make a mistake and it can be fatal in a very short time." But the astronauts are certain that they can handle the shuttle, and Milton Silveira, NASA's deputy manager of the program, is confident that the craft will be making regular flights within a few years after its initial 1979 launching. Indeed, he predicts that shuttles will be used for assembling permanent space stations by the year 1990.

Turmoil at Bennington

When she was appointed president of avant-garde Bennington College three years ago, Gail Parker seemed a natural for the job. She was a refreshing 29, a feminist and a literature professor at Harvard. What was more, her husband Tom, 30, an assistant to a Harvard dean, would come along as Bennington's vice president. Last week the glow was gone from Bennington. President Parker was the object of a campus revolt and the center of a fight for control of the college. The faculty had taken an overwhelming vote of no confidence in her performance and decided



BENNINGTON PRESIDENT PARKER
The glow was gone.

to boycott her office, and the students had turned against her, too.

Last March Parker and the trustees announced they had created a ten-member committee to study the future of the college. Almost everybody agreed this was a good idea. But when the committee's report came out last month, it aroused furious opposition. The committee suggested the elimination of twelve of the 73 full-time faculty positions and nine assistantships; an increase in student costs (which at \$6,280 for tuition, room and board, are already the highest in the nation), and a requirement that Bennington's 600 students major in two entirely different fields. The report also attacked the sacrosanct institution of faculty tenure; it proposed setting up an elaborate system (involving three separate contracts) to review a faculty member's performance three times in 13 years, with "a clearly expressed expectation that at most one-quarter of those who reach this third review will be retained." In other words, it would

EDUCATION

ensure a faster turnover of faculty.

Faculty members promptly complained because only three members of the "futures committee" were from the teaching staff and charged that no other faculty members or students had been consulted in preparing the report. Most of the fire was directed at Parker and seemed to go beyond the controversial proposals. Said dissident Trustee Ross Zucker (Bennington '74): "People have learned not to like her. She was young. She was a woman. Bennington did not look deeper than that. It should have. She's an elitist." Literature Teacher Camille Paglia accused Parker of "disgusting manipulation. She has created a feeling of queasiness that was never here before." Furthermore, some complained that she was remote and aloof from faculty and students.

Last week the trustees reaffirmed their support of Parker but then took a diplomatic step back, promising they would meet with students, faculty and alumnae to discuss the report. For her part, Parker is standing firm. Says she: "Bennington has to define its goals. This is something that the college has done before, but the pressures are greater now. That heats up the situation." Despite the turmoil, Parker remains optimistic. "This is not a sign of disaster," she says, "but one of real health."

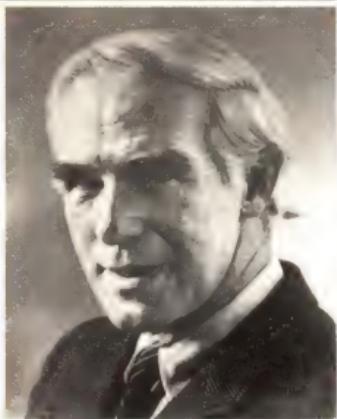
New Man at Chicago

When the committee searching for a new president for the University of Chicago first approached John T. Wilson, 61, earlier this year, he turned them down; he apparently felt the post should go to a younger man.

Turning to its nationwide list of 200 candidates, the committee diligently narrowed its choices to six by November and then, last week, to one. Offered the job again, John Wilson did not demur. He thus became a striking exception to the recent trend in university presidencies, which have been going to people in their late 30s or early 50s. Nonetheless, his appearance—a thick shock of silvery hair, bushy eyebrows and square-set jaw—belies his age.

Wilson has, in fact, been acting president at Chicago since Edward Levi left last February to become U.S. Attorney General. Before that, Wilson, who holds a Ph.D. in psychology from Stanford, was Levi's right-hand man as provost for five years, and earlier was dean of faculties. One of Wilson's toughest jobs as president will be to sustain the three-year, \$280 million fund drive designed to keep Chicago one of the top universities in the nation; started in June 1974, the fund drive has produced \$110 million so far.

Even though as provost he had to en-



CHICAGO PRESIDENT JOHN T. WILSON
Saying yes the second time.

force painful budget cuts, Wilson is popular with the faculty. He already had a run-in with leaders of the student government, however, after they told him last month that they were going to launch an "investigation" of Economics Professor Milton Friedman and his ties with economists in the Chilean junta. A vigorous defender of academic freedom, Wilson replied that he would not tolerate an inquisition. In other matters, Wilson is also a stout individualist; he even turns out to watch Chicago's largely ignored football games.

Segregated Academies

Since the federal courts began ordering Southern school systems to desegregate 20 years ago, white parents have been setting up their own private—and segregated—academies. In the past few years, court-ordered busing has accelerated this trend. Some 3,500 of these schools now operate in the South with a total enrollment of 750,000, or 10% of the region's white school-age children. TIME Correspondent Jack White has been investigating the "segregation academies" and last week visited one of the best of them in Memphis. His report

Briarcrest Baptist High School, which opened two years ago after the courts ordered busing in the Memphis schools, has just about everything: a lavish \$6.5 million building with earphones dangling from the ceiling in language labs, an electric kiln for would-be potters and an enthusiastic and well-educated corps of teachers (40% have master's degrees). Its football team even produced a winning season this fall, despite moving into a tougher league.

This month Briarcrest

EDUCATION

will win an even more significant victory: it will be fully accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, important recognition that most institutions receive only after an arduous application process that usually consumes four or five years. What Briarcrest lacks, however, is blacks. All of its 1,432 students and 69 faculty and staff members are white.

Many of the new private schools, like Briarcrest, insist that they have "open" admissions and are segregated only because no blacks have applied. But they concede that white hostility to desegregation accounts for much of their growth. "We've got parents who are running from problems," says Wayne Allen, a Baptist minister who is chairman of the Briarcrest board of trustees. "Any one who says different is not telling the truth."

In many areas, as a result, the academies have drastically reduced the number of white students in the public schools. In Jackson, Miss., for example, half of all white pupils attend private schools, including six run by the blatantly segregationist Citizens Council Foundation; in Charlotte, N.C., one-sixth of all white children have moved to private schools. In Memphis, 25,000 whites have fled the public schools for private academies in the past three years, tipping the racial balance from fifty-fifty to 70% black and frustrating court orders for desegregation. "It's impossible to integrate two races when one race disappears," complains Memphis School Superintendent John Freeman.

The rise of private schools also poses a serious threat to public education in the South. By skimming off the children of many middle-class whites, the segregated academies are helping to turn public schools into "pauper systems," with student bodies that are increasingly black and poor. As a result, support for school bond issues, which were once popular in the middle class, is declining.

Private-academy tuition ranges from \$200 to \$2,000 a year and provides

a wide range of educational quality. In rural areas most of the schools are housed in church basements, barns and abandoned warehouses; few have certified teachers. In cities, a handful such as Briarcrest, have facilities and faculties that are the envy of public school administrators.

Loosening Standards. What they all have in common is strict, paddle-wielding discipline (a Briarcrest assistant principal paddles half a dozen students each month) and a "back-to-basics" approach to teaching, often laced with a strong dose of fundamentalist Christianity. Charlotte's Queen City Christian Academy (enrollment 50) was founded by parents who objected to sex education courses in the public schools. Other Southern parents say they are enrolling their children in academics because they are as upset by a loosening of academic standards and a lack of discipline in the public schools as they are about race. "They are trying to re-create the society they knew before," says David Nevin, research director of the Lamar Society, a civic-minded group of liberal Southerners that is studying the private schools. "A lot of them say that this is the kind of school I went to as a boy."

The future of the private schools is now under a legal cloud, however. The Supreme Court will probably rule next spring on whether private schools can continue to refuse admission to black students because of their race. The Internal Revenue Service in 1970 denied a tax exemption to schools that segregate in their admissions procedures but has not been enforcing that decision vigorously.

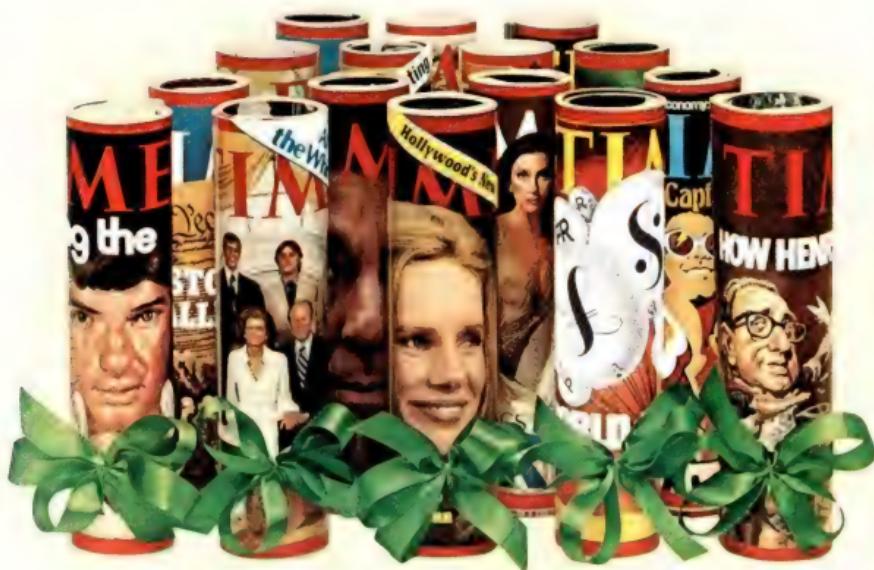
Even if the private academies open their doors to blacks, few black families have the money to afford them or the inclination to send their children to schools where they are not wanted. As one 17-year-old student at Briarcrest put it, "I left the public schools to get away from blacks. If they came here, I don't think they would be welcome at all."



STUDENTS RELAXING IN GYM AT MEMPHIS' BRIARCREST BAPTIST HIGH SCHOOL
A lavish building, winning football team and all-white enrollment.

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3. Many GE refrigerators have a power-saver switch that lets you cut off some electrical components when they aren't needed.

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The Toast-R-Oven handles most small cooking jobs.



on where you live) than conventional electric-resistance heating.

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**Progress
for
People.**

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Arcadian Vision

So far, the Bicentennial's art exhibitions have tended to be worthy but familiar: they offer much detail but tell us little that is new. However, a show of a different kind opened last week at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. It contains no works of American art. Its title is "The European Vision of America," and its aim is to emulate Tocqueville: "To tell us," the catalogue announces, "what Europeans saw here and what they felt and thought about matters which, traditionally, have been the preserve of American opinion."

So, at the prompting of the Cleveland Museum (where the show goes in 1976, before opening in Paris next fall), the English art historian Hugh Honour has assembled some 340 works of art related to America, chiefly from European collections, in every medium from printer's ink to porcelain. Honour has also written the catalogue and a much longer study, *The New Golden Land*. In depth and details, with an unfailing subtlety and tartness of argument, his exhibition sets out to illuminate one of the most intriguing subjects in the history of art: how European artists responded to the bewildering and distant shapes of the New World and, in so doing, refracted reality through the glass of European stereotypes.

Legend Confirmed. "The greatest event since the creation of the world, excepting the Incarnation and Death of Him who created it." That sounds like Richard Nixon's blurt on the Apollo 11 moon landing, but it was written in the 16th century by a Spaniard named Lopez de Gomara, after men knew Christopher Columbus had found not Cathay but a wholly new "fourth part of the earth." For centuries, fabled islands populated by demigods, monsters or Arcadians had been part of the imagery of European legend, and the discovery of the South American Indian—lolling in a hammock, innocent of toil and tyranny, naked except for a bright girdle of macaw feathers, as imagined by Stradanus in 1589—seemed to confirm it.

As Honour points out, even Columbus described the Caribbean in phrases taken from Latin poetry describing the mythical Golden Age. It was culturally impossible for him, or his immediate followers, not to do so. The woodcuts and paintings of the time reflect that Arcadian vision, which would duly be modulated into the cult of the Noble Savage. By 1505, only five years after Cabral's discovery of Brazil, the first American Indian had made his way into a European painting: a Tupinamba chief, crowned with feathers, included as one of the Wise Men from the East in a Portuguese nativity.

Surprisingly, Spanish art was poor

in its American imagery—probably, Honour suggests, because of guilt at the genocidal cruelty of the *conquista*. Yet the Spanish massacres in South America and Mexico did give a Dutchman one poignant vision of the ruin of Arcadia, which is also the earliest known painting of the New World: Jan Mostaert's *West Indian Scene*, circa 1542, with its naked Indian tribe defending their pastoral paradise against a phalanx of armored Spaniards.

There was a demonic as well as an Arcadian side to European images of the Americas. In the mid-16th century another Portuguese artist, doubtless inspired by reports of Caribbean cannibalism, painted an *Inferno* whose Satan wears a feather crown. But in general it was the noble Indian who would predominate. He became decorative in the late 17th century and positively rococo in the 18th, peering from cartouches, dallying under formalized palms. The ideas of Rousseau transmuted him into a red-skinned Cato or Brutus garbed in instinctive rectitude. And as he began to perish along the white frontier, the theme of racial destruction in a wild, vast landscape evoked lamentations from romantic artists who had never been there—especially from Delacroix, whose *Les Natchez*, 1824-35, is an American cousin to his *Massacre at Chios*.

The fantastical flora and fauna of the New World provoked equal curiosity among artists and their patrons. No European before Columbus had ever seen a red macaw (though Raphael shortly afterward included some in his

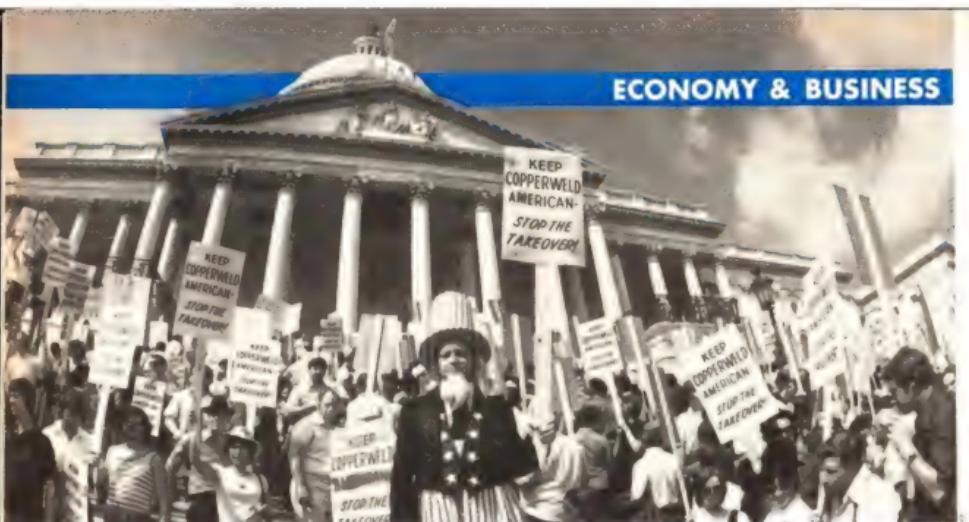
Vatican frescoes), eaten corn or potatoes or runner beans, grown a sunflower or tasted a cultivated strawberry. The imagined landscapes were either writhing with fearsome organic life or else stupendous and desolate. When Frans Post, a traveling 17th century artist, painted a view of the São Francisco River in Brazil, a lone capybara by a cactus tree took on the ruminative air of a Caspar David Friedrich monk, contemplating the infinite. "What a fabulous and extravagant country we're in!" exclaimed the great naturalist Von Humboldt in 1799. "Fantastic plants, electric eels, armadillos, monkeys, parrots; and many, many, real, half-savage Indians . . ." From the careful watercolors of John White, Raleigh's artist on Roanoke Island in the 1580s, to the gloomy wildernesses of Gustave Doré 250 years later, the exhibition shows us the European eye adjusting itself to the freakish wonders of the New World. The dragon detaches itself from mythology and becomes an "igwano" or iguana: "a strange monster" turns out to be an opossum.

Major Collaboration. But no brief summary can do justice to the aesthetic wealth of this show, to its insights into political and social history—there is a particularly good section on European responses to the American Revolution—or to its close texture of information. It is as fine an example as the Bicentennial is likely to provide of what a collaboration of major museums, governed by scholarly intelligence, can produce; and right now it is probably the most entertaining exhibition in America as well. *Robert Hughes*

LORD AND LADY WALSTON COLLECTION, ENGLAND



EUGÈNE DELACROIX'S VISION OF THE DYING INDIAN TRIBES: *LES NATCHEZ*, 1824-35
Macaw feathers, noble republicans and a capybara contemplating the infinite.



COPPERWELD EMPLOYEES & FAMILIES PROTEST IMETAL ACQUISITION OUTSIDE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON

TAKEOVERS

Applying 'Unfriendly' Persuasion

Copperweld Corp., a Pittsburgh-based producer of specialty steels, fought hard to stave off a takeover by Societe Imetal, a French concern controlled by the Rothschilds. Copperweld executives opposed the bid in court; employees staged placard-waving demonstrations pleading that the company stay American-owned. Stockholders, however, were more impressed by Imetal's offer to pay \$42.40 each for shares that sold for \$34.50 just before the fight, and last week Imetal announced it had bought 61% of Copperweld's outstanding stock.

Tender Trap. The fight illustrates a major U.S. business trend: not since the heyday of corporate raiding in the 1950s have there been so many attempts at "unfriendly" takeovers—those that are resisted by the management of the company being acquired. Instead of staging a proxy fight, today's takeover artist usually asks stockholders to "tender" him their shares for purchase at a fixed price by a set date. A decade ago, tender offers were practically unheard of. But a record 113 offers were registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission during the fiscal year that ended June 30, v. 105 the year before and a mere 43 four years ago.

The trend seems to be accelerating further, and target companies are often succumbing. Last month, for example, Otis Elevator finally went along with a takeover by United Technologies Corp., which bought two-thirds of Otis

stock after upping its bid to \$42 a share from \$40. The management of Garlock Inc., a producer of leakage-control devices for pipes and machinery, last week withdrew a court suit against a tender offer by Colt Industries, which increased its bid to \$35 a share from \$32. In other tender offers now being contested, Crane Co. is seeking shares of Anaconda Co. and Babcock & Wilcox is seeking control of American Chain & Cable Co.

To spring the tender trap, an acquisition-minded company usually advertises its willingness to buy stock in another firm at a price well above current market value though commonly below the stock's book value, or proportionate share of the company's net worth. The aggressor usually gives no warning; the management of a company under attack often learns about the tender offer only by reading the newspaper ads the same day stockholders do.

The current market offers many tempting targets for such offers. Shares of many profitable companies are still selling at prices so low that an acquirer can pay a substantial premium above the market and still get a bargain. The future profits of the company being taken over will probably give the acquirer a better return on the money needed to buy the target company's stock than he would receive if he invested the same number of dollars in expanding his own company's operations. And there is no point in approaching the management

of the target company with a friendly acquisition proposal. The target management would resist—out of a feeling it was being bought out cheaply, and a well-founded fear that the managers would lose their jobs.

Another reason for the rise in takeovers is that the regulatory climate has softened. The SEC once ordered tender offers scrapped if the disclosure statement was incomplete or in error. Now the SEC and the courts simply require that corrections be made while the offer proceeds. The Federal Reserve Board is no longer leaning on banks to shun "unproductive" loans for purposes like acquiring companies—so there is more money available to raiders.

Selling Grandmas. The firms selected for takeover, says Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the investment house of Lazar Freres, are usually "very solid, stable, unglamorous, medium-size companies." Also, their stock is primarily held by individual investors rather than such institutions as mutual funds and pension funds, which would be more likely to compare the tender-offer price with book value and reject it. But some Wall Streeters speculate that takeover attempts may soon be made against companies controlled by institutions that are getting tired of holding undervalued shares. Says William Chatlos, a partner in Georgeson & Co., a proxy solicitor: "For an extra nickel on the price, some of the institutions would sell out their grandmothers."



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GULF-BP INSTALLATION IN KUWAIT



OIL MINISTER ABDEL AL KAZIMI

OIL

Buying Out the Wells

For more than two years, many of the world's oil-producing countries have been intensifying their drive to nationalize their oil industries. Last week the campaign passed a milestone: Kuwait became the first Arab country to achieve 100% ownership of its producing company. For \$50.5 million the government bought the remaining 40% of Kuwait Oil Co. that had been owned by Gulf Oil and British Petroleum. Although the settlement followed months of acrimonious negotiations presided over by Oil Minister Abdel Muttaleb al Kazimi, it scarcely came as a surprise: the government had announced plans in March to complete its takeover. Nonetheless, the deal underscores the progress that producing countries are making in wresting control of drilling and pumping operations away from the major Western oil companies, and relegating the companies to the roles of technical advisers, contract drillers and buyers of state-owned oil. The status of nationalization elsewhere:

Saudi Arabia. The government now owns 60% of Aramco, the Persian Gulf region's only integrated oil company, and is negotiating to buy out the remaining 40%. It once expected to complete

the takeover by the end of 1974, but talks have been stalled. Last week, however, Saudi Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani and officials of Aramco's four American owners slipped quietly into London for secret negotiations that are said to have reached a decisive stage.

Libya. The operations of six companies have already been 100% nationalized, and the government has taken majority stakes in eight others, including Mobil, Exxon and Occidental. In addition Occidental and Libya last week settled a dispute over production levels in two Libyan fields; the dispute had threatened to jeopardize a 1973 pact that left Occidental with a 49% interest in its Libyan operations.

United Arab Emirates. Abu Dhabi, the leading producer, has been negotiating sporadically to raise from 60% to 100% the emirates' ownership of local production, but it has indicated that it plans to leave the current 60%-40% arrangement intact through 1976. Says U.A.E. Petroleum Minister Mani Said Utaiha: "We feel we shouldn't rush things."

Venezuela. Nationalization of all oil operations will be completed by Jan. 1. Venezuelan Oil Minister Valentín Hernandez said the government would pay 39 foreign companies slightly more than \$1 billion in cash and 6% bonds for their holdings. Exxon will get \$512 million, Shell \$240 million. The companies are not satisfied—Exxon reportedly had hoped to get \$90 million more—but they have reluctantly accepted the government's offer and are planning to market nationalized Venezuelan oil in North America and Europe.

Nigeria. The government at present owns 55% of the oil operations of Gulf, Mobil, Texaco and a Shell-British Petroleum joint venture. And as recently as August, it disclaimed any attempt to grab for more. Nonetheless, some oilmen expect an effort at complete nationalization soon.

INVESTMENT

Forgiving Partners

An ancient financial adage holds that businessmen with mountainous debts do not merely have creditors: they have partners with a high stake in their survival. Rarely has the truth of the saying been better proved than by the current troubles of the nation's real estate investment trusts. A glittering investment innovation of the 1960s, REITs enjoyed congressionally mandated tax breaks similar to those of mutual funds. They collected money from various sources—bank loans, sales of stock to the general public—then made loans to builders to finance the construction of condominiums, motels, office buildings, even single-family homes. But two years ago, inflation and high interest rates ripped through the real estate industry like tornadoes. Construction projects were halted, slashing REIT revenues and preventing many REITs from repaying their own debts.

Last week one of the pioneer REITs, Boston-based Continental Mortgage Investors, the nation's second largest, provided the latest example of how bad things have become in the REIT industry. It announced that it would default on \$551 million in interest and principal payments now due on its borrowings. Caught by shrinking revenues and interest rates of 12% and more, Continental raised rates to builders to 16% or 17%. The builders could not afford such rates and simply walked away from projects. At one point, more than 60% of Continental's loans to builders had either been foreclosed or were yielding no interest. Ultimately, Continental defaulted on its own bank debts.

New Terms. Still the default is not likely to force Continental into bankruptcy. Its creditors—no fewer than 103 banks and 33 institutional investors—forgave Continental in April, when it defaulted on \$652 million in obligations. They began complex negotiations to re-finance the debts. Those negotiations could not be completed by the Dec. 1 deadline, so Continental last week was forced into a second default.

With little to gain and enormous sums to lose by pressing for their money, Continental's creditors are again ignoring the deadline and some are negotiating new terms—such as deferring interest payments for three years. There is ample precedent: Chase Manhattan Mortgage & Realty Trust, the biggest of all REITs, sponsored by Chase Manhattan Bank, recently refinanced \$761 million in bank loans, and got the interest rate reduced to as little as 2%.

A serious question exists about how long the REITs and their creditors can hold out, though banks could write off many of their REIT loans as uncollectible. The case for waiting is powerful. In all, the nation's 200-odd REITs owe U.S. banks \$11 billion.

MARKETING**Sticky Debate**

Every year around this time, tire dealers across the country look to the sky prayerfully. The sooner heavy snow falls, the more snow tires they can expect to sell. To their dismay, recent winters have been unusually mild; on top of that, seven states have banned the metal-studded tires that accounted for 40% of all snow tires sold in the early 1970s. More states may well enact similar laws on the ground that the metal studs tear up highway surfaces. As a result, snow-tire sales have melted steadily, from 19.1 million tires in 1972 to 17.5 million in 1974; this year's sales may drop below 15 million.

In an effort to pull the snow-tire market out of its skid, all four major tire manufacturers (Goodyear, B.F. Goodrich, Uniroyal and Firestone) are now promoting new nonstudded winter radial tires. They are made of soft, "sticky" chemical compounds that remain pliable at low temperatures and, according to manufacturers, provide superior traction on ice- and snow-covered roads. In general, they cost slightly more (between \$60 and \$100 each) than hard-compound radials, but they may not last as long.

Just as they see some hope of reversing the sales drop, however, the tire makers have been dealt a heavy blow by none other than their biggest customer. General Motors, which last year bought 15 million tires as original equipment, GM is now giving many drivers of its cars the idea that they do not need snow tires at all. GM claims that the TPC-Spec steel-belted radial tires that are now attached to all newly built GM cars "are designed for year-round traction performance." Tests conducted by GM indicate that on loose or soft-packed snow, the radials provide 73% to 96%

as much driving traction as snow tires; on hard-packed snow they perform just as well. Indeed, in Idaho, Texas, Oklahoma and New York City, the GM TPC-Spec radial qualifies as a snow tire. Recently the National Safety Council, after some prodding by GM, announced that tire performance in snow is determined by tread configuration; since the center-tread portion of GM's tire resembles that of a snow tire, its performance presumably would be similar too.

The Message. Tire makers thus face an unenviable marketing dilemma: they dare not offend GM by quarreling openly with its claims, yet they know that those claims are likely to cost them sales. So far their solution has been to plug their new "sticky" tires heavily on TV and seek in other ways to get across the message that motorists still need snow tires to get around in the heaviest snows and on ice. Goodyear, for example, is passing around to editors a release, written like a news story that gingerly notes "there is no mention of ice traction in the GM declaration." Also, the release politely points out that—according to a survey by the Tire Industry Safety Council—mail carriers and highway patrols in many states are still equipping their vehicles with winter tires, no matter what they use before and after the winter.

American blended whisky and Jim Beam bourbon, have reduced the proof from 86 to 80—without lowering the price or advertising the fact beyond printing the new proof on bottle labels (Proof is twice the percentage of alcohol; an 86-proof whisky contains 43% alcohol and an 80-proof brand 40%). Gordon's and Gilbey's gins were reduced from 90 proof to 86 in 1974. Now Gilbey's is following the latest trend and test marketing an 80 proof potion in selected markets. Standard & Poor's calls 80-proof whisky "the emerging industry standard."

Distillers claim that they are trying to serve the changing tastes of U.S. drinkers, who for a generation have been shifting away from the stronger native spirits, like 100-proof bourbon (still generally available), and buying more of the lighter-tasting Scotch and Canadian whiskies. Sam Chilcote, a spokesman for the Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S., calls the move toward lower proof "a marketing decision reflecting . . . preference habits of consumers," and Carmel Tintel, vice president for corporate affairs for American Distilling, refers to it as part of a "trend toward moderation." All this may sound eminently reasonable, but the evidence is something less than compelling. So-called light whiskies, weaker in taste than the standard brands, though of the same proof, were introduced by U.S. distillers in 1972 but have been a severe sales disappointment; in the past year, most distillers have quietly stopped promoting them.

The real point is that distillers have been suffering a financial hangover: liquor sales have risen 4% or less a year for the past five years, costs have soared for everything from barrels to bottle tops, and the companies have been afraid to raise whisky prices because a boost might drive customers to drink more beer and wine. Liquor prices rose only 3.6% last year. By reducing the proof, says Gerald Mooney, trade-press- and executive-relations manager of Hiram Walker, "we get what amounts to a price increase without passing that along to the consumer." Lowering the proof reduces both manufacturing costs and federal taxes. The tax is \$10.50 on each 100-proof gallon, \$9.03 on 86 proof and \$8.40 on 80 proof.

Stern Limit. Although distillers claim that they are merely responding to a change in consumer preference, they also assert, paradoxically, that most drinkers cannot tell the difference in taste between 86-proof and 80-proof whisky anyway. Consumer resistance to the change, they say, is small. Still, some brands have not joined the trend. Schenley Industries, for example, is running ads pointing out that its Ancient Age bourbon is still, at 86 proof, as strong as ever. Also, there is a stern limit to the watering-down trend: 80 proof is the lowest the Federal Government will let a distiller go and still call his product whisky.

WORKER MOUNTS TPC-SPEC STEEL-BELTED RADIAL TIRE ON CADILLAC IN DETROIT

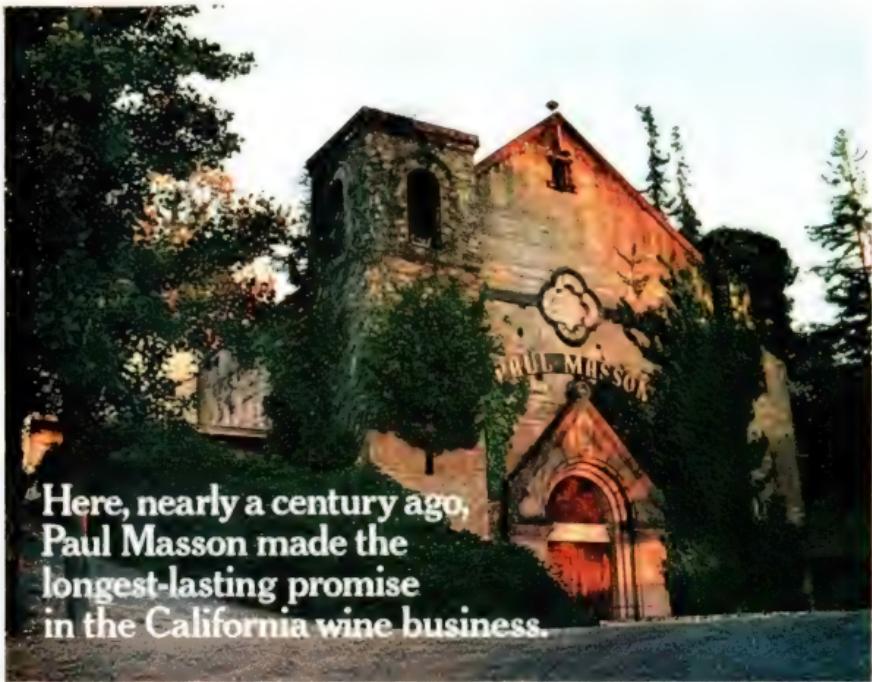


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Paul Masson**



Paul Masson Vineyards, San Jose, Calif. 1975



FIRST CHICAGO'S INCOMING CHAIRMAN

BANKING

Abboud Ascends

Bob Abboud well remembers stories about the day more than 40 years ago when his father, the son of a Lebanese farmer, was denied a loan by a Boston banker. As a result, the family's heating and ventilating business went bankrupt, and Alfred Abboud was forced into teaching to pay off \$5,000 owed to creditors. The incident, says A. Robert Abboud, taught him that one of the worst things a banker could do was to turn down a borrower of good character.

Abboud now has the opportunity to apply such wisdom on a grand scale. Last week, after a superachieving career in U.S. banking, Abboud, 46, took over as chairman and chief executive of First Chicago Corp., parent of the First National Bank of Chicago, the nation's ninth largest bank (assets: \$18.2 billion). If confronted today by a borrower in the same situation as his father, Abboud would make the loan that the Boston banker turned down. Abboud feels that banks have forgotten character and loaned money to "too many high rollers."

Whatever the reason, banks will write off a record volume of bad loans this year—perhaps more than \$3 billion. First Chicago has had its share of trouble. Its reserves to cover bad loans swelled from \$12.8 million in last year's third quarter to \$27 million in the same period this year; this year's nine-month total of \$80 million slightly exceeded reserves for all of 1974. It indicates that the bank expects a rise in bad-loan losses, and of course, money put into reserves to cover bad loans has to be subtracted from profits. Earnings for the first nine months of this year were slightly ahead of 1974, but during the third quarter they dropped 13.5% to \$22.6 million.

Among bankers, First Chicago had a reputation for overextending itself on loan commitments. But the bank's profitable international business helped offset earnings losses from bad loans. What is more, Abboud adds, those losses were also restrained by First Chicago's policy, begun more than a year ago, of limiting loan commitments and looking for "highest quality at the greatest return." For First Chicago and banks generally, such conservative lending policies will prevail for some time as a hangover from the recession. But Abboud feels the loan-loss picture is at its darkest now, and should brighten as business profits and personal income move up with the recovery.

Heir Apparent. Abboud, short (5 ft. 6 in.), dark-haired and swarthy, succeeds Gaylord Freeman, 65, First Chicago's boss since 1969 and a power in U.S. banking for a generation. Widely respected as an international banker, Freeman was influential in the shaping of trade and monetary policy in the U.S. and abroad. He packed First Chicago's ranks with young aggressive managers, personally recruiting Abboud in 1958 at \$5,600 a year v. \$155,000 now. A former Marine who served in Korea and later earned a graduate degree from Harvard Business School, Abboud was promoted to a vice presidency in six years. He later helped expand the bank's international operations (it now functions in 40 countries) and became Freeman's vice chairman and heir apparent about two years ago. A major force behind First Chicago's expansion in recent years, Abboud foresees the company's total assets growing to \$25 billion in the next five years. One plan: rapid establishment of low-overhead, tellerless "branches" that will use computerized electronic machines for withdrawals and deposits. The bank has announced plans to open its first twelve such installations in Jewish food stores next month.

SCANDALS

Canadian Kickbacks

When he took over as chairman of the government-owned Air Canada in 1968, Yves Pratte was a highly respected lawyer in Quebec and a close friend of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Last week Pratte was a fallen man, his reputation tainted by scandal and charges of ineptitude. In a bitter letter of resignation, he left no doubt that even Trudeau wanted him to go.

Soon after Pratte became chairman, he forced out Air Canada's "Scottish Mafia"—the key executives who had developed the company's profitable foreign routes (to the U.S., West Europe, Japan and Hong Kong) and ran the line with brisk proficiency. To take their places, Pratte appointed people with political connections but little airline experience. Results: Air Canada's flights,

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

once renowned for their crisp punctuality, were constantly delayed, and ground crews regularly managed to lose luggage—including, on two occasions, Pratte's own bags.

The airline, which turned a profit of \$6.1 million in 1973, lost \$9.2 million last year. Pratte could explain the losses as at least partly due to the rise in fuel costs. But last April, Elmer MacKay, a Tory Member of Parliament, revealed that one of Pratte's appointees, Marketing Vice President Yves Ménard, had authorized a curious payment of \$100,000 as a "consultant's fee" to one of Montreal's top travel agents. The fact that Ménard had resigned under pressure two months earlier did not prevent a scandal from growing, so the Canadian government asked Ontario Court of Appeal Judge Willard Estey to look into the airline's performance.

In two months of hearings, Estey turned up damaging evidence. Ménard's \$100,000 payment, for example, was explained as "seed money" for investment in a national chain of travel agencies. It had been disguised because both Air Canada's charter and international airline rules forbid the airline to invest in travel agencies; that could give it preferential treatment in ticketing passengers. Ménard also was found to have given special "expense accounts" to Lebanese officials in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain landing rights for Air Canada in Beirut.

Regular Payoffs. Though Pratte was known to have had a hand in almost all airline decisions, down to the choice of the plastic forks for in-flight meals, he insists that he knew nothing about Ménard's actions—and the evidence supports him. Yet last month Tory M.P. MacKay documented charges that the airline had been regularly paying off Canadian travel agents' "fraudulent" commission claims. What he means is illegal kickbacks on tickets. Pratte's reluctant resignation soon followed.

HELD BY DOWDERS



OUTGOING CHAIRMAN PRATTE
A bitter adieu.

Died. Jacob Nelson Fox, 47, pepper-pot second baseman who was the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1959 when he led the Chicago White Sox to their first league championship in 40 years; of skin cancer; in Baltimore. With the White Sox from 1950, "Nellie" Fox made his reputation as a player who liked to hit with an old-fashioned milk-bottle-shaped bat, chew a giant wad of tobacco, and hang a red bandana from the hip pocket of his uniform. Nicknamed "Mighty Mite," the diminutive Fox led the American League in most seasons (twelve) with 60 or more at-bats, and played in 13 All-Star games.

Died. Wendell Phillips, 54, flamboyant archaeologist-oil baron who headed the Wendell Phillips Oil Company; of a heart attack; in Arlington, Va. A one-time newspaper boy who studied paleontology at the University of California at Berkeley, Phillips accumulated a fortune estimated at \$120 million. By his own account, his rise began when he visited Oman in 1952 on an archaeological expedition. There, said Phillips, he met and became friends with Sultan Said bin Taimur, who informed him, "By the will of God we shall have oil, for I am grant-

ing you the oil concession for Dhofar"—an area the size of Ohio. Phillips went on to become one of the largest individual holders of Middle Eastern oil concessions.

Died. Hannah Arendt, 69, brilliant political philosopher, cultural historian (*The Origins of Totalitarianism*, *The Human Condition*) and analyst of 20th century malaise; of an apparent heart attack while entertaining friends; in Manhattan. Born in Hanover, Germany, Arendt took her doctorate in philosophy at Heidelberg, studying under Karl Jaspers and Martin Heidegger, before fleeing the Nazis in 1933 in the first great wave of Jewish emigration. After working with Zionist organizations in France and the U.S., Arendt broke with the movement and devoted herself to political study. It was her thesis (*Einmann in Jerusalem*) that the century's worst atrocities had been executed by mild-mannered bureaucrats "only following orders." She felt that Viet Nam and Watergate confirmed her view.

Died. Anna Roosevelt Halsted, 69, oldest child and only daughter of President Franklin D. Roosevelt; of cancer; in New York City. When she was 15

and her father was stricken with poliomyelitis, the devoted Anna became his helper and ultimately his close associate. In 1926 she married Curtis B. Dall, a New York stockbroker, whom she divorced after eight years and two children. She next married John Boettiger, a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent and acrimonious critic of the New Deal. The couple moved to Seattle, where he became publisher of the Hearst Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, and she edited the women's page and had another child. When Boettiger went into the Army in World War II, Anna returned to the White House, where F.D.R. found her company more relaxing than that of her tireless mother Eleanor. Divorced in 1949 by Boettiger, who later committed suicide, Anna married Dr. James Halsted in 1952 and devoted her civic energies to women's rights and justicju

Died. Ernesto Maserati, 77, former top racing driver; in Bologna, Italy. With two of his brothers, he founded the renowned Maserati automobile company in 1915 and produced a long line of distinguished sports and racing cars, two of which won the Indianapolis 500 race in 1939 and 1940.

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Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sir Georg Solti, conductor; London, \$50. With at least 15 complete sets of the Beethoven symphonies on the market, there could be only two reasons for yet another version. Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Solti has in this orchestra as versatile and flexible an instrument as any conductor could ask for. When the collaboration is fueled by the immense spirit of Beethoven, the result is a glorious musical combustion.

An unsentimental romanticist, Solti works easily within the huge design of the *Eroica*. He treats the long first movement almost as an extended phrase. If he lacks something of the rhythmic intensity of Toscanini, Solti nevertheless fuses the conflicting elements of the symphony into a coherent whole with no sacrifice of tonal beauty. The sad serenity of the adagio of the Ninth Symphony surges to the famed choral movement with stunning emotional impact. Parisians will want to stick with some of the classic interpretations: Toscanini's *Seventh*, for instance, or the Erich Kleiber Amsterdam Concertgebouw *Fifth*. But for consistent clarity, warmth and dramatic sweep, the Solti Chicago team is tough to beat.

SIBELIUS SYMPHONIES NO. 5 AND 7 (*Boston Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis conductor; Philips, \$7.98*) The love affair between Davis and Boston dates from his first visits there in the late 1960s. The orchestra's principal guest conductor since 1972, Davis is the one who most regularly gets the B.S.O. to play like the great romantic and post-romantic ensemble it used to be—and still is, in the right hands. This LP is Davis' first with the B.S.O. and the start of a projected set of the seven Sibelius symphonies. It is a stunning accomplishment. The careful balance between repose and tension, stateliness and Nordic surge, quiet and mountainous climaxes, makes these the best versions of both works. Philips records closer to the orchestra than Deutsche Grammophon, the B.S.O.'s regular label, and the music is better for it.

DVOŘÁK CONCERTO FOR CELLO (*Lynn Harrell, cello; London Symphony Orchestra, James Levine, conductor; RCA \$6.98*) Its jubilant fire, four-seasons color and unstrained lyric impulse make this the finest cello concerto ever written. The fast-emerging Harrell recalls the heroic eloquence of the late Emanuel Feuermann, and the peripatetic Levine, soon to become music director of the Metropolitan Opera, offers a balm reminder that Dvořák wrote the work for orchestra as well as cello.

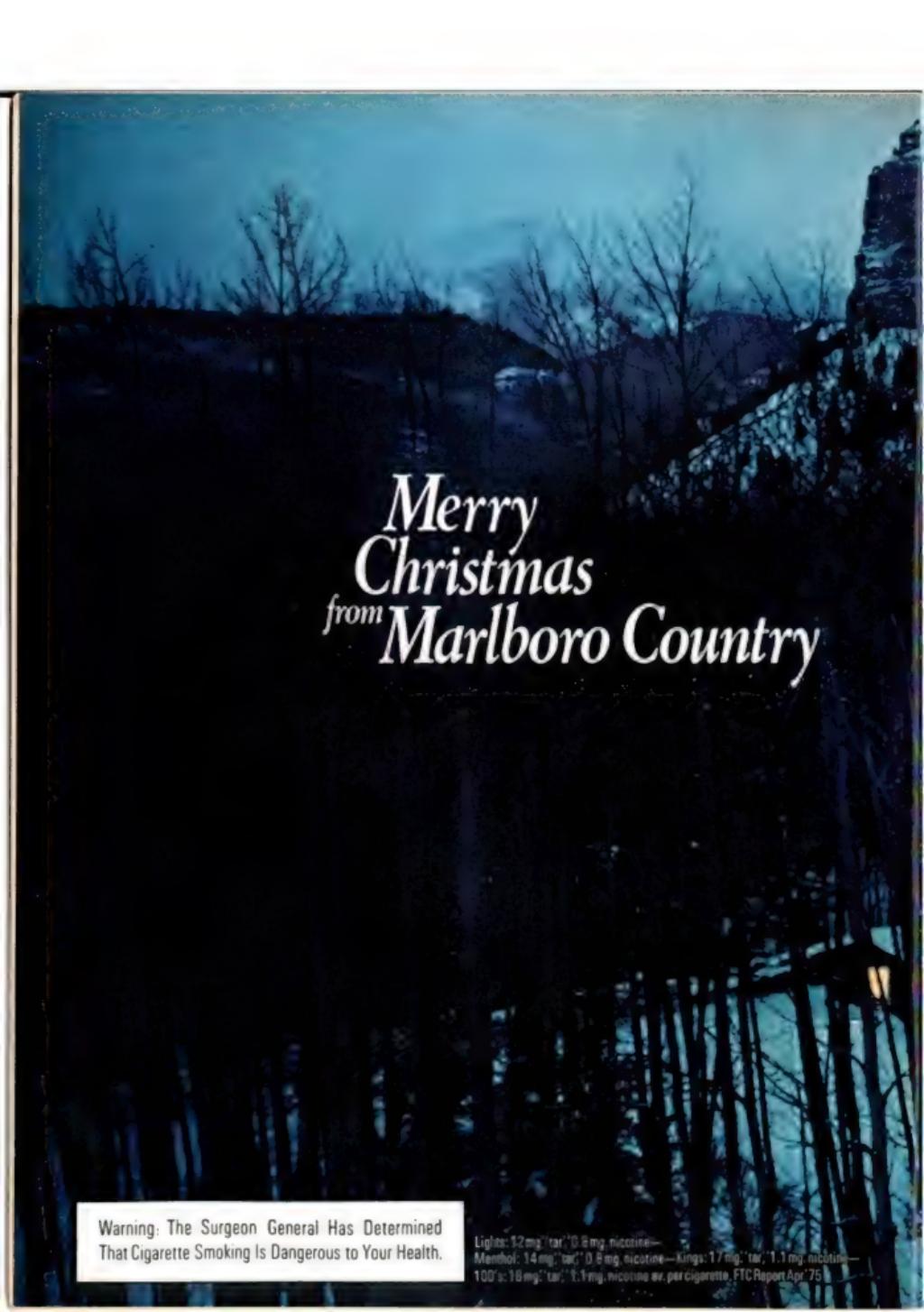
TCHAIKOVSKY SYMPHONIC WORKS FATE, THE STORM, THE VOYEVODE, THE TEMPEST (*Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra*



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Elijah Inbal, conductor; Philips: \$7.98). The music of Tchaikovsky can hardly be said to have suffered over the years from underexposure. Yet here are four tone poems that most Tchaikovsky buffs will not know. *The Storm* is windy stuff at best and deserves its obscurity. But *Fatum* (Fate) and *The Voyevode* have an orchestral touch and programmatic flair that approach the popular 1812 Overture and *Capriccio Italien*. And *The Tempest*, written four years after *Romeo and Juliet*, is one of the composer's grandest scores. Conductor Inbal, an Israeli now in his second year as head of the Frankfurt Radio Symphony, puts it all into a surging dramatic frame.

MOZART: FANTASY AND SONATA IN C MINOR, SONATAS NOS. 16 AND 17 (Pianist Glenn Gould; Columbia: \$6.98). MOZART FANTASY AND SONATA IN C MINOR, FANTASY IN D MINOR, RONDO IN A MINOR (Pianist Claudio Arrau; Philips: \$7.98). Gould



GLENN GOULD ALBUM JACKET
Impetuous energy.

completes here a five-LP study of Mozart's 17 piano sonatas. Arrau enters the field for the first time since the 78-r.p.m. era. Their interpretations are very diverse. One wishes that the impetuous Gould would be less frantic at times and that the urbane Arrau would let loose once in a while. Gould gets closer to the music's energy and drive.

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 6 (Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra; Jascha Horenstein, conductor; Sonesuch: 2 LPs: \$7.92). In early works like the symphonies Nos. 3 and 4, the composer took an innocent, affirmative, almost happy view of life and nature. In last works like *Das Lied der Erde* and the *Symphony No. 9*, he brooded incessantly, morbidly about death. The *Sixth*, a rich, 86-minute landscape, blends hope and despair as perhaps no other Mahler symphony. Jascha Horenstein, who died in 1973 at age 74, was unsurpassed as a Mahler conductor. This posthumous issue is a memorable addition to a regrettably small stereo legacy.

PUCINI: MASS—"MESSA DI GLORIA" (Tenor William Johns, Bass Philippe Huttonlocher, Symphonic Chorus and Orchestra of the Gulbenkian Foundation of Lisbon; Michel Corboz, conductor

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Popular Science Oct. 75

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Motor Trend-Oct. 75

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Automotive News Sept. 15, 75

"...in the hardcore measurements of
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Car & Driver-Oct. 75

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Road & Track-Oct. 75



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MUSIC

RCA/Erato: \$6.98). For four generations, the Puccinis served as organists-choirmasters at the San Martino Cathedral in the Tuscan town of Lucca. Until his early 20s, Giacomo seemed cut from the cloth too. He completed this Mass at age 21. It is a devout, convincing work that already shows a theatrical quality. Indeed, Puccini later used snatches of the Mass for religious moments in *Tosca* and *Suor Angelica*. The sound quality on the recording is spacious, the performances balanced and serene.

CARTER: DOUBLE CONCERTO FOR HARPSICHORD AND PIANO WITH TWO CHAMBER ORCHESTRAS (Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Gilbert Kalish, piano; the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, conductor). DUO FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO (Paul Zukofsky, violin; Gilbert Kalish, piano; Nonesuch: \$3.96). This is the third LP version of Carter's drypoint classic, the *Double Concerto*, and it is by far the best. The harpsichord has its own accompanying orchestra, as does the piano, and the interplay between the two groups is achieved with wondrous spontaneity. The *Duo* is a more studious affair, ingeniously contrasting the stroked string tone of the violin with the struck sounds of the piano. Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish, who gave the work its world premiere last March, play the *Duo* as lyrically as they might Beethoven's "Spring" sonata.

Top of the Pops

PATTI SMITH HORSES (Arista, \$6.98). The author of two published books of verse, Patti Smith has worked as a musician intermittently over the past year or so, mainly in New York underground night spots. Dylan turned up at a performance recently—an event that confers rock's official blessing. Her debut record, like her wild-eyed poems, reveals an artist who is gifted but undisciplined. Leading off with *Gloria in excelsis deo* ("Jesus died for somebody's sins, but not mine"), her dark voice projects a tough, fragile, street-girl image. The showcase number, *Horses*, invokes Rimbaud and glorifies mutilation ("He opened his throat, his vocal cords started shooting like mad pituitary glands"). One of Smith's chants is "gotta lose control," but if she acquires a little, she could become a strong, original voice in rock.

THE WHO BY NUMBERS (MCA: \$6.98). Following his disappointing rock opera *Quadrophenia*, The Who's chief composer, Peter Townshend, has his dropout muse back in residence. The British rock quartet, unsettled by internal squabbles and individual efforts at solo LPs and films, pulled together for some properly granitic music making this time. Though there is no formal story line, the album is nonetheless stylly conceptual. Townshend's nine songs, plus John Entwistle's *Success Story*, evoke a rock star's fight against time. Nicky Hopkins' vigorous

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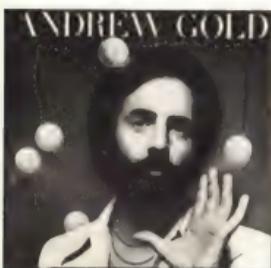
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MUSIC

keyboards, added to the band's own mix of acoustic and electric instruments, produce intense, powerful, no-nonsense music and an album that is something to cheer about.

LINDA RONSTADT: PRISONER IN DISGUISE (*Asylum*: \$6.98). A year ago, Ronstadt's amazing *Heart Like a Wheel* album helped make her top woman singer in the Top 40s, or pretty close to it. Ronstadt sings about loss and desperation; her big, beautiful soprano radiates vulnerability. She comes naturally to heartbreakers like Dolly Parton's country classic *I Will Always Love You* or the old Smokey Robinson hit *Tracks of My Tears*. On *Hear Wave* Ronstadt breaks into a real rocker.

ANDREW GOLD (*Asylum*, \$6.98). From the opening cut, *That's Why I Love You*, through nine more original songs, Gold's fresh melodic imagination never wavers. His baritone is light and pleasing. Like Stevie Wonder, he sometimes operates as a one-man band. On *Love Hurts*,



ANDREW GOLD ALBUM JACKET
A one-man band.

Gold performs the vocals and plays the organ, piano, percussion, drum, guitars and bass parts.

BONNIE RAITT: HOME PLATE (*Warner Bros.*: \$6.98). Raitt fans patiently wait for Bonnie to make a record equal to the promise of her talent. *Home Plate* is close, yet still off base. Turning away more and more from the eloquent blues guitar that was the mainspring of her early success, Raitt draws most of her musical energy in her sweet husky voice. Songs like *Sugar Mama*, *Good Enough* and *I'm Blowin' Away* are good. However, she squanders her ability on soap opera ballads like *My First Night Alone Without You*.

TOM JANS: THE EYES OF AN ONLY CHILD (*Columbia*: \$6.98). In the holiday avalanche of LPs by major music acts, this attractive album might be overlooked. Using the standard country music themes of loneliness, moving around and adultery, Jans writes in the restless, romantic vein of a young man. *Out of Hand*, his tale of a hard-lovin' man who meets his match, unfolds against twanging guitars and the gentle percussion of a rural roadhouse band.

THE THEATER

Petit Guignol

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Oscar Wilde said it was impossible for a sensitive person to read of the death of Little Nell without laughing. Tennessee Williams provokes the same irreverence with his cloyng presentation of little Heavenly's fate in *Sweet Bird of Youth*. Heavenly has had her "youth" cut out, leaving her "to rattle like a dried-up vine where the gulf wind blows." Bluntly put, she underwent a hysterectomy at age 15 after getting the clasp from her lover, Superstud Chance Wayne, just before he skipped town to pursue a gigolo's career. Now, years later, Chance returns to claim Heavenly, ignorant of the harm he has done her. His arrival creates a sensation, for he is on the arm of an aging Hollywood star, the Princess Kosmonopolis, whose drug kick he plans to use to blackmail her out of her fortune. But Heavenly's father, Boss Finley intervenes; he puts out a contract on Chance's manhood.

Actors' Showcase. Age has not refined *Sweet Bird's* effulgent bathos. The reduction of personality to sex organs is the dynamic of skin flicks and soap opera. Sad to say, Williams wrote this *Petit Guignol* sideshow in the late '50s, soon after completing his masterpiece, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Today it seems fatally misconceived, a sentimental melodrama instead of a savage, black comedy on southern mores.

But revivals are not only a play's test; they are a showcase for actors to strut their stuff. *Sweet Bird* has one terrific part: the frowsy monster of a princess. This plump has been given to Irene Worth, a great actress. She overwhelms the play, with a sexy vibrato not unlike Al Jolson's, and stalks the stage like a jaguar vacationing among field mice. Across her ravaged face chase self-pity, fear, vanity and—finally—triumph, when she kicks the heel who tried to tread on her. Overshadowed, Christopher Walken plays Chance from the crotch—not inappropriately, considering the man's end. The overall impression is of a classy parody of *Pal Joey*. This adds irony to Chance's desperate mutter: "Something's gotta mean something."

Gina Mallet

Lesser Lenny

BY BERNSTEIN

It is a sad truism that all too often, the moment a skill or art is mastered, either it is out of date or the practitioners have lost conviction. So it seems with that great American institution, the musical—*A Chorus Line* notwithstanding. That is what makes this cabaret selec-



WALKEN & WORTH IN SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH
A jaguar among field mice.

tion of Leonard Bernstein's theater songs—or rather those tossed out of such shows as *Candide*, *On the Town*, *Wonderful Town* and *West Side Story*—a bittersweet delight. Less than topnotch though they are, the songs brim with confidence and fun. So does the patter, which harks back to the days when sophistication meant wryness and a wise-crack was communication. The cast communicates by singing and dancing, and at least two of them—Patricia Elliott and Janie Sell—should immediately have their snap and crackle popped into a real musical.

G.M.

Front-Line Report

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT COMING

This is a communiqué from the Gotham front: propaganda ease the long taxpaying days ahead—and a warning to the boondies that New Yorkers have not lost their greatest asset—gallows humor. The trio of Renny Temple, Patiti Perkins and Len Gochman are so charming however that their hardest blow is gentlest satire. There is a visit to *Cold Cash*, New York's First Passionate Bank, and a chat with an ancient on a park bench who used to bet with his late wife—"Whoever goes first loses." Norman Mailer crosses the Hudson as the city-nation of N.Y.C.'s first President while a jubilant citizen shouts, "We're recognized by Israel!" The evening's finest gig is a wild flamenco in honor of the native delicatessen: "Out-of-town baloney's! Are made of horse and ponies." Beware of Boston, too, where "You don't order tonic! Unless you want a high colonic." Grace under pressure is sometimes no more than a good laugh.

G.M.

FIRST PARADOX: *Barry Lyndon*, a story of an 18th century Irish gentleman-rogue, is the first novel of a great 19th century writer, William Makepeace Thackeray. It shows early signs of a genius that would flourish only after creative struggle and personal adversity. In time, this forgotten book becomes the basis for the tenth feature film by a well-established, well-rewarded 20th century artist—Director Stanley Kubrick. In it, he demonstrates the qualities that eluded Thackeray: singularity of vision, mature mastery of his medium, near-reckless courage in asserting through this work a claim not just to the distinction critics have already granted him but to greatness that time alone can—and probably will—confirm.

SECOND PARADOX: As he did in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Kubrick relies not on words—he is as sparing of them as Thackeray is profligate—but images to tell his story. Yet *Barry Lyndon* lacks the experimental, hallucinatory visual quality that made *2001* a cultural touchstone of the tripped-out '60s. Kubrick has shot and edited *Barry Lyndon* with the classic economy and elegance associated with the best works of the silent cinema. The frantic trompe l'oeil manner—all quick cuts and crazy angles—recently favored by ambitious film makers (and audiences) has been rigorously rejected.

This drive for cinematic purity has consumed three years of Kubrick's life and \$11 million of Warner Bros.' money. The film is 3 hr., 4 min. and 4 sec. long, and it does not easily yield up its themes. "The essence of dramatic form," says Kubrick, "is to let an idea come over people without its being plainly stated. When you say something directly, it is simply not as potent as it is when you allow people to discover it for themselves."

COVER STORY

KUBRICK'S GRANDEST GAMBLE

THIRD PARADOX: *Barry Lyndon* is obviously a costume drama but in a much more literal sense than any movie easily dismissed by that contemptuous phrase. Many of the clothes are not costumes at all but authentic antiques. The equally real interiors and landscapes—every foot of the film was shot on location—are intended to function as something more than exotic delights for the eye. Close scrutiny of the settings reveals not only the character of the people who inhabit them but the spirit of the entire age as Kubrick understands it.

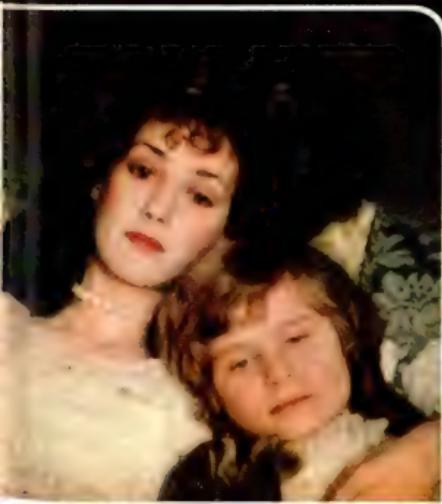
Though *Barry Lyndon* includes the duels, battles and romantic intrigues that we are conditioned to expect in movies about the past, it more often than not cuts away from this easy-to-savor material. This cool distancing suggests that the melodramatic passions normally sustaining our interest in films are petty matters. This vision of the past, like Kubrick's vision of the future in *2001*, invites us to experience an alien world not through its characters but with them—sensorially, viscerally. Stanley Kubrick's idea of what constitutes historical spectacle does not coincide with many people's—least of all, those in Warner's sales department. Which brings us to the ...

FOURTH PARADOX: Having made what amounts to an art-film spectacle—something few directors since Griffith and Eisenstein have brought off—Kubrick now requires that his backers go out and sell the damned thing. Because of distribution and promotion costs, the film must gross at least \$30 million to make a profit. Kubrick has his own ideas about how to proceed: a tasteful ad campaign, a limited-release pattern permitting good word of mouth to build, saturation bookings timed to coincide with the Academy Award nominations that the director and studio believe are inevitable. Warner salesmen wish they had something simpler on their hands—a great slobby romance like *Dr. Zhivago*, for instance, or at least a rollicking rip-off of olden times, like *Tom Jones*. Now Kubrick will help sell his picture. Among other things, he employs a bookkeeper to chart how films have played in the first-run houses of key cities, so his films can be booked into those with the best records. But the fact remains that his work habits are anything but helpful to publicists.

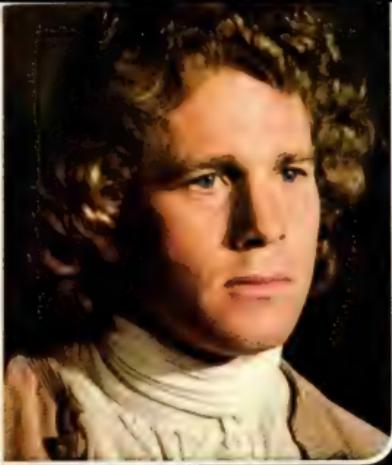
Multimillion-dollar movies are usually open to the press as they are being made; their heavy tread can be heard clumping toward the theaters for a year prior to release. Kubrick's loca-



DIRECTOR STANLEY KUBRICK SURVEYS A SET FOR HIS NEW FILM, *BARRY LYNDON*



BARRY LYNDON is a gambler, wastrel and adventurer. Top: a duel. Inset: Barry (Ryan O'Neal) in a bordello. Bottom left: Lady Lyndon (Marisa Berenson) and son Bryan (David Morley). Right: English battle French during Seven Years' War.



Clockwise from above: Barry wooing future wife; as a youth;
Lady Lyndon at son's eighth birthday; Barry in disguise
(crossing Prussian border); Lady Lyndon gambling with
husband-to-be; Barry throttling rebellious stepson.



tions, however, were closed. Not a single publicity still emerged without the director's express approval, which was almost never granted. Thus the only word on *Barry Lyndon* came from actors and technicians, none of them privy to Kubrick's vision, and some wearied and literally sickened by his obsessive perfectionism.

At age 47, he is the creator of one of cinema's most varied and successful bodies of work; in addition to 2001, it includes *Paths of Glory*, *Lolita*, *Doctor Strangelove* and *A Clockwork Orange*. He enjoys the rare right to final cut of his film without studio advice or interference. Warner executives were not permitted to see more than a few bits of it until the completed version—take it or leave it—was screened for them just three weeks ago. To put it mildly, it is hard for them to get a proper buildup going for their expensive property on such short notice.

FIFTH PARADOX: Stanley Kubrick himself. *Barry Lyndon* may be an austere epic, but an epic it surely is. Such works pose complex logistical and technical problems that must be solved along with the aesthetic questions that arise every time a new camera setup is chosen. Kubrick's basic cast and crew of 170—augmented by hundreds of extras and supporting specialists as needed—crawled from location to location across Ireland and England for 8½ months. Normally, the commanders of cinematic operations on this scale are outgoing, not to say colorfully flamboyant characters.

That, however, is precisely what Kubrick is not. He is almost reclusively shy, "a demented perfectionist, according to

the publicity mythology around me." This myth began building when he decided to stay on in England after shooting *Lolita* there in 1961. He found it "helpful not to be constantly exposed to the fear and anxiety that prevail in the film world." He lives and does all pre- and post-production work in a rambling manor house defended by two wooden walls and furnished in early nondescript. He rarely ventures forth even to London, less than an hour away. He prefers that the world—in controllable quantities—be brought to him via telex, telephone, television. All the books and movies this omnivorous reader-viewer requires are delivered to the retreat he shares with his third wife Christiane, his three daughters, three dogs and six cats. He is, says his friend, Film Critic Alexander Walker, "like a medieval artist living above his workshop." According to an actress who once worked for him, he is also "a mole."

What has the mole wrought? Is the finished film worth the pains he has taken with it—and given to his associates over the long years of its creation? The answer is a resounding yes.

Kubrick does not know what drew him to this tale of a scoundrel's rise and fall. Beyond noting that he has always enjoyed Thackeray, he does not try to explain his choice: "It's like trying to say why you fell in love with your wife—it's meaningless."

Possibly, but Kubrick's curiosity was probably aroused by the chance to explore a character who is his antithesis. About his work Kubrick is the most self-conscious and rational of men. His eccentricities—secretiveness, a great need for privacy—are caused by his intense awareness of time's relentless pas-

Girl from a Private World

Not even the Brothers Grimm would have dared to write a fairy tale about a girl who started at the top and stayed there. But that is the story of Marisa Berenson, 28, the suffering heroine of *Barry Lyndon*. The French fashion magazine *Elle* once called Marisa "the most beautiful girl in the world." That is not precisely accurate (both the mouth and nose are a trifle too large), but it conveys the right idea.

Marisa's father was the late Robert L. Berenson, a proper Bostonian and career diplomat. Her granduncle was the art historian Bernard Berenson. Her mother Gogo, now the Marchesa Cacciapuoti di Giuliano, was the daughter of Elsa Schiaparelli, the Parisian designer who introduced colors like shocking pink to the sober world of 1930s *haute couture*.

Impressive credentials, and they helped immensely a decade ago when Marisa decided to bid adieu to Gstaad, Paris and London and try to make it as a model in New York. But what really turned the trick was the lithe body, green eyes, pale ivory skin and a gaze that seemed to come from some pri-

vate world too secret to be spoken of. Marisa went on to live a *glacé* confection of a life spun out of *Vogue* covers, yacht cruises, love affairs with the likes of David de Rothschild and, at the moment, Auto Heir Ricky von Opel. Early in Marisa's career, *Vogue* Editor in Chief Diana Vreeland announced: "Many faces are alluring, but hers is chic. She can wear a hat like nobody else." She could also take it off: she posed nude for both *Vogue* and *Playboy*. "Some of the greatest works of art are of nudes," Marisa explains.

La vita turned really *dolce* for Marisa in 1971, when Luchino Visconti signed her for her first film as the elegant young mother in *Death in Venice*. Bob Fosse then hired her to play the German-Jewish department store heiress in *Cabaret*. Both parts required Marisa to appear both remote and vulnerable. She is very good at it.

Today, trying to explain what he found in her, Stanley Kubrick says: "There is a sort of tragic sense about her." Actors do not always see their leading ladies as directors do, and Ryan O'Neal wondered why Kubrick had cast her. "Overbred, vacuous, giggly and lazy," were Ryan's first impressions; as the filming progressed, O'Neal decided that the role called for Marisa to be just that. "She'll be nominated for an Oscar," he says "But she's just being herself."

A bit churlish, that. Yet Marisa seems to sense that life with the tediums, where role playing is *de rigueur*, has locked her into an outgrown character. She concedes that in her younger days, her own shyness gave her a frantic need to be on the scene. Modeling gave her self-confidence, and acting "is a vent for my fantasies." Last week in Manhattan, cuddling her Shih Tzu, K.K. (short for King Kong), she reminisced about her most notable fantasy to date, Lady Lyndon. Done up like a portrait by Gainsborough, Marisa seems the model of 18th century English womanhood, even to the torrents of tears Lady Lyndon sheds at her son's death. "I could do nothing else but cry, looking at that sweet boy—I am quite good at crying," says Marisa. "Once I start, I can go on and on."

MARISA BERENSON & K.K., HER LAP DOG, RELAXING IN MANHATTAN





KUBRICK WATCHES A CHESS GAME ON THE KILLING SET (1956)

sage. He wants to use time to "create a string of masterpieces," as an acquaintance puts it. Social status means nothing to him; money is simply a tool of his trade.

Barry, on the other hand, suffers a monstrous complacency. He betrays not the slightest moral or intellectual self-awareness. Born poor but with a modest claim to gentleman's rank, he never doubts his right to rise to the highest ranks of the nobility. Nor does he ever seem to question the various means by which he pursues his end: army desertion, card sharping, contracting a loveless marriage in order to acquire a fortune. As for time, it means nothing to him. He squanders it, as he does money, in pursuit of pleasure and the title he is desperate for.

In the novel, Thackeray used a torrent of words to demonstrate Barry's lack of self-knowledge. Narrating his own story, Barry so obviously exaggerates his claims to exemplary behavior that the reader perceives he is essentially a braggart and poltroon. Daringly, Kubrick uses silence to make the same point. "People like Barry are successful because they are not obvious—they don't announce themselves," says Kubrick. So it is mainly by the look in Ryan O'Neal's eyes—a sharp glint when he spies the main chance, a gaze of hurt bewilderment when things go awry—that we understand Barry's motives. And since he cannot see his own face, we can be certain he is not aware of these self-betrayals. According to Kubrick, Barry's silence also implies that "he is not very bright"; he is an overreacher who "gets in over his head in situations he doesn't fully understand." Though a certain dimness makes him a less obviously comic figure than he is in the book, it also makes him a more believable one. And it permits Kubrick to demonstrate, without shattering the movie's tone, Barry's two nearly saving graces—physical gallantry and desperate love of his only child, whose death is the film's emotional high point and the tragedy that finally undoes Barry.

With the exception of Humbert Humbert in *Lolita*, this is the first time that Kubrick has moved beyond pop archetypes and taken the measure of a man with a novelist's sense of psychological nuance. Still, it is not as a study in character that *Barry Lyndon* will be ultimately remembered. The structure of the work is truly novel. In addition, Kubrick has assembled perhaps the most ravishing set of images ever printed on a single strip of celluloid. These virtues are related: the structure would not work without Kubrick's sustaining mastery of the camera, lighting and composition; the images would not be so powerful if the director had not devised a narrative structure spacious enough for them to pile up with overwhelming impressiveness.

As a design, *Barry Lyndon* is marvelously simple. The first half offers something like a documentary of 18th century manners and morals. To be sure, a lot happens to Barry in this segment—first love, first duel, first wanderings, first military combat—but he remains pretty much a figure in the foreground, rather like those little paper cutouts architects place on their models to give a sense of scale. What matters to the director



HE POSES WITH SUE LYON DURING *FILMING (1961)*

is the world beyond, the world Barry is so anxious to conquer.

And it is a great world, especially to the modern eye, accustomed as it is to cluttered industrialized landscapes, and architecture and décor that stress the purely functional. The recurring visual motif of the film—especially obvious in the first portion—is a stately pullback. Typically, it starts on some detail, like a closeup of an actor, then moves slowly back to reveal the simple beauty of the countryside that is as indifferent to the player's petty pursuits as he is impervious to its innocent charm. The lighting in all the outdoor sequences appears to be completely natural and patiently—expensively—waited for. Frequently, most of the emotional information for a scene may be found in the light, before anyone says a word. A superb example of this occurs when Barry discovers his first love flirting in a garden with a man who is everything he is not—mature, wealthy, well born, English and an army officer to boot. The late afternoon sun, soft as the lyric of a love ballad, literally dies along with Barry's hopes of romance.

Indoors, there are similar revelations, thanks in part to space-age technology. Kubrick found a way to fit an incredibly fast (F 0.7) 50mm still-camera lens, developed by Zeiss, onto a motion-picture camera. It permitted him to film night interiors using only the light available to inhabitants of the 18th century. Some scenes are illuminated by just a single candle; in others, hundred-gutter in the candelabra and chandeliers of great halls, bathing the screen in a gentle, wonderfully moody orange glow that almost no one now alive has ever experienced.

In the hands of another director, all this embellishment might seem an idle exercise, perhaps even proof of the old movie adage that when a director dies he becomes a cameraman. The first half of *Barry Lyndon* deliberately violates every rule of sound dramatic composition. Only a few of the scenes end in powerful emotion or conflict, and there is no strong arc to the overall design of the piece. And yet our attention never wanders; such is Kubrick's gift for lighting and composing a scene, such is the strength of his desire to prove that movies "haven't scratched the surface of how to tell stories in their own terms."

The thought is not new. Everyone who has worked in or thought seriously about the cinema knows that the angle of a shot or the rhythm of a scene's editing can impart information more economically than a long stretch of dialogue. What is novel is that Kubrick has acted so firmly on the basis of that nearly conventional wisdom in the film's first half—the half that must catch and hold the attention of a mass audience (*The Towering*

Inferno crowd) if his picture is to succeed commercially.

It is a big risk, an act of the highest artistic confidence. Reassurance comes in the strong melodrama of the film's second half. From the moment Marisa Berenson, playing Lady Lyndon, appears and Barry's suit for her hand succeeds, the film, without seeming to change its style or gently enfolding pace, gathers tremendous dramatic force of a quite conventional sort. Barry's loveless use of her to further his ambitions has a raw, shocking edge. His conflict with her son by her first marriage, culminating in what is surely the most gripping duel ever filmed, is full of angry uncontrolled passion. Barry's innocent infatuation

out of his own experience or fantasy life. Indeed, the creation of fiction awes him. "It is one of the most phenomenal human achievements," he says. "And I have never done it." Instead, he must do "detective work—find out about the things about which I have no direct experience." These, of course, offer metaphors in which to cloak such observations—they are never direct messages—that he cares to share with the world.

Research aids him in another way. Movie sets—even the cool, orderly ones Kubrick is famous for running—seethe with logistical, technical and emotional problems. As Kubrick mildly puts it, "The atmosphere is mimical to making subtle aesthetic decisions." He is unable to determine how to shoot a scene until he sees a set fully dressed and lit. This is a moment of maximum risk. Says Ryan O'Neal, who plays Barry: "The toughest part of Stanley's day was finding the right first shot. Once he did that, other shots fell into place. But he agonized over that first one."

It is precisely then that Kubrick's memory bank, well stocked with odd details, comes into play. "Once, when he was really stymied, he began to search through a book of 18th century art reproductions," recalls O'Neal. "He found a painting—I don't remember which one—and posed Marissa and me exactly as if we were in that painting."

Most of his performers seem to worship Kubrick. One reason is that he is always willing to give their suggestions a trial run or two. He is also in-



PENTAGON SCENE FROM DR. STRANGELOVE (1963) WITH GEORGE C. SCOTT, PETER SELLERS

ation with his own child, "the hope of his family, the pride of his manhood," has a touching, redeeming warmth to it. His downfall, much more dramatically rendered by Kubrick than by Thackeray, has a tragic starkness and a moral correctness. In short, Kubrick has accomplished what amounts to a minor miracle—an uncompromised artistic vision that also puts all of Warner Bros. money "on the screen," as Kubrick says, borrowing an old trade term. He feels he has done right by himself and "done right by the people who gave me the money," presenting them with the best possible chance to make it back with a profit on their investment.

Kubrick turned to *Barry Lyndon* after a projected biography of Napoleon proved too complex and expensive even for him. He reread the novel several times, "looking for traps, making sure it was doable." With typically elaborate caution, he got Warners' backing on the basis of an outline in which names, places and dates were changed so no one could fish him a story in the public domain. He then settled down to work on script and research. The latter may be, for him, the more important undertaking. "Stanley is voracious for information. He wants glorious choice," says his associate producer, Bernard Williams. Adds Costume Designer Milena Canonero: "He wants to see everything. He wants at his fingertips the knowledge, the feeling of the period."

Kubrick is a self-taught man with an autodidact's passion for facts and the process of gathering them. Son of a Bronx physician, he was an indifferent high school student. He experimented endlessly with cameras and at 17 was hired by *Look* as a staff photographer. He learned something about people and a lot about photography, traveling the country shooting pictures for 4½ years. At 21, he made his first short subject, three years later his first fictional feature—very low budget. He also audited Columbia University courses conducted by the likes of Lionel Trilling and Mark Van Doren, and became a tireless reader with catholic tastes. "I can become interested in anything," he says. "Delving into a subject, discovering facts and details—I find that easy and pleasurable."

It is also essential to his work. For one thing, he finds it impossible to invent an entirely original story, something drawn



THE "DROOGS" ON ATTACK IN A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)

telligent about not overdirecting them. "Stanley is a great believer in the man," says Murray Melvin, who is superb in the role of a slyly spiritual adviser to Lady Lyndon. "You have to do it." Adds Patrick Magee, who plays a gambler: "The catchwords on the set are 'Do it faster, do it slower, do it again.' Mostly 'Do it again.'"

Melvin did one scene 50 times. "I knew he had seen something I had done. But because he was a good director, he wouldn't tell me what it was. Because if someone tells you you've done a good bit, then you know it and put it in parentheses and kill it. The better actor you were, the more he drew out of you."

There is no sadism in Kubrick's insistence on huge numbers of retakes. He did not press Berenson or the children in his cast, only the established professionals he knew could stand up under

A Star Is Waiting

Ryan O'Neal has been unusually quiet lately. He finished his work on *Barry Lyndon* in July 1974 and, despite numerous offers, has avoided work since, so convinced is he that the film will radically change his image with the public and his standing in the movie business.

Not that there is anything especially wrong with either *Now 34*, he has had three hits in five years in romantic and light comic roles (*Love Story*, *What's Up, Doc?* and *Paper Moon*, in which his daughter stole the show). He is generally regarded by movie people as a hard-working actor and an

agreeable off-the-set companion. It is just that in a career that began in early '60s television and got rolling with a five-year stint on *Peyton Place*, Ryan has never known anyone quite like Stanley Kubrick. "God, he works you hard," he wrote in the diary he kept all during the ten months he was before the cameras. "He moves you, pushes you, helps you, gets cross with you, but above all he teaches you the value of a good director."

Never having worked with a world-class director, O'Neal eagerly underwent something like a conversion. "Stanley brought out aspects of my personality and acting instincts that had been dormant. I had to deliver up everything he wanted, and he wanted just about everything I had."

Not only was the work demanding, it was also uncomfortable. It took O'Neal into the remoter corners of Ireland and England—not exactly the natural habitat of a fellow who does enjoy the occasional comforts of a bird and a boite. Nevertheless, he was sustained by "my strong suspicion that I was involved in something great."

Whether or not his patient faith in *Lyndon* will be rewarded is a nice question. There is no doubt that Kubrick permitted him to explore a wider range of emotions than he ever has on screen. There is no doubt either that his performance is technically expert. On the other hand, he has been carefully muted by the director. O'Neal, who has finally decided to go back to work in January with Tatum and Burt Reynolds in a new Peter Bogdanovich film, could be disappointed in the response his hard work generates. "The real star of a Kubrick movie is Stanley Kubrick" is Producer Ray Stark's shrewd comment, implying that O'Neal's hope for the role may be vain.

If so, he will still have an improved talent and some warm memories to console him. Once, after days of effort, he finally managed to deliver exactly what Kubrick wanted in a difficult scene. "He found a way to walk past me, giving instructions to the crew—'Let's move on to 32, move those lights into the foreground,' and so on—but as he passed me, he grabbed my hand and squeezed it. It was the most beautiful and appreciated gesture in my life. It was the greatest moment in my career."

RYAN O'NEAL FLINGS A FRISBEE ON THE LYNDON SET

his search for the best they had to offer. "Actors who have worked a lot in movies," Kubrick says mildly, "don't really get a sense of intense excitement into their performances until there is film running through the camera." Moreover, the "beady eye" that several insist was cast on them as they worked is merely a sign of the mesmerizing concentration he brings to his work.

Originally Kubrick, who likes to sleep in his own bed and likes even more to save the money it costs to house and feed a crew on location, had hoped to shoot the entire picture within a 90-minute range of time. He dispatched photographers to all the great houses within that circle, hoping to find the look he wanted. Impossible. He then decided to shoot in Ireland, where the early sections of the book are set anyway. After a couple of months there, however, the I.R.A.—or someone using its name—made telephone threats to the production. Kubrick decamped for rural England, where he used rooms in at least four different stately homes, artfully cut together to give Hackton Castle, Lady Lyndon's digs, spaciousness and richness. At Corsham Castle, he was told that if he did not kill his lights within 30 minutes, irreparable harm would be done to the priceless paintings in the room where he was shooting. Similar incidents sent the budget soaring, giving an extra twist to the pressures Kubrick felt. Nerves produced a rash on his hands that did not disappear until the film was wrapped, and though he had quit smoking, he started cadging cigarettes.

Still, things could have been worse. Warner's production chief, John Calley, was always tolerant. "It would make no sense to tell Kubrick, 'O.K., fella, you've got one more week to finish the thing,'" he says. "What you would get then is a mediocre film that cost say \$8 million, instead of a masterpiece that cost \$11 million. When somebody is spending a lot of your money, you are wise to give him time to do the job right."

Calley admits he has no idea whether masterpieces are going to sell this season. "The business is, at best, a crap shoot. The fact that Stanley thinks the picture will gross in nine figures is very reassuring. He is never far wrong about anything." If Kubrick is right, he will be rich. By the terms of his deal with Warner, he receives 40% of *Barry Lyndon*'s profits. Only one picture in history—*Jaws*—has made "nine figures"; it passed the \$100 million mark last week.

As for Kubrick, he is still working 18 hours a day, overseeing the final fine tuning of the sound track while keeping one compulsively attentive eye on the orchestration of the publicity buildup. It is something he feels he must do, just as he personally checked the first 17 prints of *A Clockwork Orange* before they went out to the theaters. "There is such a total sense of demoralization if you say you don't care. From start to finish on a film, the only limitations I observe are those imposed on me by the amount of money I have to spend and the amount of sleep I need. You either care or you don't, and I simply don't know where to draw the line between those two points."

He does not believe a single flop will cost him his ability to create independently, though he may occasionally think of a line in *The Killing*, his first major studio release in 1956. A thief muses that people romanticize gangsters and artists, but they are also eager to see them brought low.

Much more often, however, Stanley Kubrick is armored in the serene belief that whatever judgment the public passes on his new movie when it opens next week, he has fulfilled the director's basic ideal, which is to shoot "economically and with as much beauty and gracefulness as possible." Beyond that, he adds, "All you can do is either pose questions or make truthful observations about human behavior. The only morality is not to be dishonest." *Barry Lyndon* fulfills that ideal as well.

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THE DURANTS AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF NAPOLEON & VICTORIOUS TROOPS

The Age of the Durants

THE AGE OF NAPOLEON

by WILL and ARIEL DURANT

872 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$17.50.

Will and Ariel Durant seem to be a permanent natural resource. They have produced eleven bestselling history books in 40 years, spanning the birth of man and following his progress right up till the French Revolution. The Duranian success derives from a unique digest of research, humor, intimate anecdote and headlong energy. But the once inexhaustible Will, now 90, and his wife Ariel, at 77, have announced that this is their valedictory volume.

The Age of Napoleon focuses on one of the most complex and ideologically riven epochs in history. Unfortunately, it is a period that fits awkwardly into the Durants' Procrustean formula. Merely to introduce Bonaparte into destiny's pages requires a recapitulation of the entire French Revolution. The Durants compress that cataclysm to 152 pages—an entertaining but misshapen account. The causes of the infamous Terror are summed up in a brief section, leaving the reader reeling under a scatter-shot assault of dates and statistics. The guillotine devours French leaders at such a bewildering pace that the list of names often reads like a body count, not a narrative. Later chapters pondering the fate of other European nations influenced by Bonaparte's pow-

er—England, Italy, Austria, Portugal, Spain and Germany—swell with so many scenes, leaders and wars that the reader is wearied by the sheer flow of words.

Deep within this overly ambitious work, however, are some brilliant descriptions of the Durants' central figure. Of the Emperor's appetite for eminence, the authors write: "History was for him, as for Carlyle, a worship and rosary of heroes, especially those who guided nations or molded empires. He loved Plutarch even more than Euclid; he breathed the passions of those ancient patriots, he drank the blood of those historic battles."

Vivid Portrait. The question of whether Napoleon was a Corsican, a Frenchman or the first true European leader evokes a vivid Durant portrait: "He was Cesare Borgia with twice the brains, and Machiavelli with half the caution and a hundred times the will. He was an Italian made skeptical by Voltaire, subtle by the ruses of survival in the Revolution, sharp by the daily duel of French intellects." The historians display such artistry too sparingly. Still, these most popular popularists are incapable of writing a dull book or a trivial one. *The Age of Napoleon* is not their best book, but it is their last. Readers can mourn that statement—and celebrate the fact that the Durants have contributed so much to the American understanding of that most foreign country, the past.

Stephen Schlesinger



BOOKS

Fissionable Material

A WORLD DESTROYED: THE ATOMIC BOMB AND

THE GRAND ALLIANCE

by MARTIN J. SHERWIN

315 pages. Knopf. \$10.

The age of backyard fallout shelters and grade-school air-raid drills is mercifully bygone. But nuclear warfare is by no means implausible. Despite the existence of various accords, the race to accumulate atomic firepower proceeds.

How did the precarious nuclear stalemate come about? For a generation, historians have been digging through the records of scientists and decision makers. Now, drawing on newly declassified documents, Princeton Historian Martin J. Sherwin has written a dispassionate, richly detailed account that promises, for the present at least, to be the definitive book on the formation of atomic-energy policy during World War II.

From the start of the Manhattan Project, says Sherwin, it was clear that an atomic bomb would be an awesome force in the postwar world. Franklin Roosevelt faced two basic options. He could reveal the project's existence (but not necessarily its details) to his ally Joseph Stalin. Or he could keep it a secret between the U.S. and Britain—which was in on the project all along—to ensure the two countries' diplomatic and military advantage.

F.D.R. received conflicting counsel from various advisers: Scientist-Admin-

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CHURCHILL, F.D.R., STALIN, ET AL.
An awesome force.

istrators Vannevar Bush and James Conant, Danish Physicist Niels Bohr, War Secretary Henry Stimson. But the President, without telling any of his aides, concluded with Winston Churchill that the second option was the wiser. The two solemnized their agreement in a secret *aide-mémoire* of a conversation at Hyde Park in September 1944: "The suggestion that the world should be informed regarding Tube Alloys [British code for the bomb], with a view to an international agreement regarding its control and use, is not accepted." Concludes Sherwin with characteristic understatement: "The Anglo-American leaders publicly professed expectations for continued cooperation with the Soviet Union, it is now obvious, were somewhat less firm than has been heretofore recognized."

More than he knew, "Give-em-hell" Harry Truman was quite faithful to his predecessor's set policy. During the Allied leaders' Potsdam Conference in July 1945, Truman learned that the first A-bomb test at Alamogordo, N. Mex., had been a success, enabling him to tell the Russians, as Churchill put it, "just where they got on and off." Indeed, some revisionist historians have insisted that U.S. officials used the bomb against Japan primarily—if not solely—to impress their military might upon Russia. But Sherwin disputes this interpretation, despite his conviction that both Roosevelt and Truman intended to wage atomic diplomacy against the Soviets. He argues that all policymakers connected with the Manhattan Project assumed from its inception that the Bomb would be used to win the war—and that the assumption was never seriously questioned. Sherwin does suggest (almost parenthetically)

BOOKS

that neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki had to be destroyed to bring the war to a swift conclusion.

Sherwin tells his story soberly, punctuating it with occasional historical curiosities. We learn, for example, that "to this day . . . the U.S. government has never officially acknowledged that Americans [two captured Navy flyers] were killed at Hiroshima." Determined to avoid any tendentiousness, Sherwin is sometimes too cautious in presenting his insights, which are numerous but tucked away. The modesty is misplaced. Jonathan Swift once observed, "the greatest inventions were produced in times of ignorance, as the use of the compass, gun powder, printing." To that list of dark times must be added the 1940s; to the list of new devices, atomic weapons. *A World Destroyed* does much to explain the invention—and far more to dispel the ignorance.

Stuart Scheffman

Notable

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BARK CANOE
by JOHN MCPHEE
114 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$7.95.

John McPhee has written whole, albeit slim books on oranges, the New Jersey pine barrens, Scottish weavers, an exotic flying machine called the Deltoid Pumpkin Seed, and the proliferation of that ultimate Saturday-night special, the cheap nuclear device. McPhee's *The Levels of the Game* is still the best book on tennis, in the same meticulous and quietly passionate way that makes A.J. Leibling's *The Sweet Science* the best book on boxing.

It is safe to say that *The Survival of the Bark Canoe* is the best book on bark canoes. It is part shop manual, part history, and part unforgettable-character sketch. The book also contains an account of a trip to the Maine woods that provides a dryly witty antidote to James Dickey's soggy macho saga *Deliverance*.

To McPhee, a fine birchbark is a marvel of craft and complex pre-industrial technology that took centuries to perfect. "Their ribs, thwarts and planking suggested cabinetwork," he notes. "Their authenticity seemed built in, sewed in, lashed in, undeniably."

The authenticity of the canoe builder is also undeniable. Henri Armand Vaillancourt is a 25-year-old bachelor who lives in Greenville, N.H., and thinks and talks exclusively about canoes. Refreshingly un-Thoreauvian, he prefers Tang to spring water when eating his homemade beef jerky. Vaillancourt is one of the last men in North America to make canoes the way the Eastern forest Indians made them. He is not only the keeper of an art but also an endangered species of American. In his own beautifully crafted work, McPhee treats both man and boat with all the respect and admiration their precarious presence commands.

OUTSIDER IN AMSTERDAM

by JANWILLEM VAN DE WETERING
245 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95.

A few years ago, Dutch Author van de Wetering won wide praise for *The Empty Mirror*, a fascinating account of his experiences as a novice monk in a Japanese Zen Buddhist monastery (TIME, Feb. 11, 1974). Now he mixes his Western upbringing and Eastern training to emerge as, of all things, a superlative mystery writer. This first novel starts in standard fashion: a man is found hanged, slowly turning on the rope, because "bodies suspended by the neck are never quite still." What follows is hardly conventional.

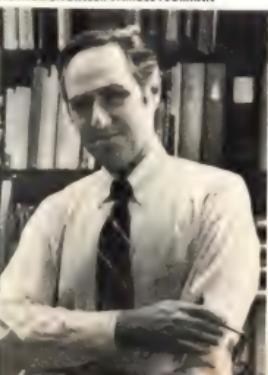
Take the sleuths on the case. Sergeant De Grier and Adjutant Grijpstra cannot claim the instinct for violence or the deductive brilliance that makes for popular detectives. But the two plainclothesmen on the Amsterdam police force are far from plain. As they doggedly pursue their "eternal search" for "who knows something," they find sweetness in old whores, humor in dachshunds, beauty in drab streets.

Little clues—the neatness with which the noose was tied, an error in the cost of secondhand motorcycles—slowly indicate the dead man's connection with a drug ring. Respected citizens become criminal suspects, while the true murderer seems guilty only of an act of reason. In the end, just desserts are separated from legal justice. Van de Wetering, writing with pace, freshness and laconic precision, clearly relishes the ironies. Nor is he done with them. Happily, he promises to bring back the appealing De Grier and Grijpstra in sequels to confront more of life's mysteries.

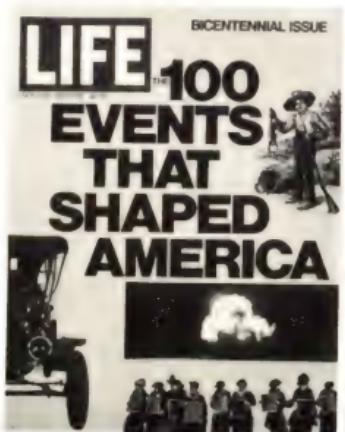
THE EXISTENTIAL PLEASURES OF ENGINEERING
by SAMUEL C. FLORMAN
160 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$7.95.

Time was, says this seasoned civil engineer, when society expected apostles of technology to bring about a New Jerusalem. Then came the H-bomb, *The*

AUTHOR-ENGINEER SAMUEL FLORMAN



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BOOKS

Silent Spring and Ralph Nader. Abruptly, technology was cast as villain, plucking man from nature's bosom and forcing upon him tedious jobs and trivial products.

Not guilty, insists Author Samuel Florman. All the world's engineers cannot possibly act in concert for good or ill; nor, for that matter, is technology a sinister disembodied force. "The true source of our problems," Florman finds, "is nothing other than the irrepressible human will"; it is the "dyspeptic philosophers" of anti-technology who would deny human beings the right to desire material comforts. Florman then offers an "existential" philosophy for his profession. Quoting widely from such sources as Homer, the Old Testament, Henry Adams and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, he lists joys available to his colleagues: the thrill derived from an elegant solution to a problem; the absorption in the workings of a machine; the satisfaction of having created something that will help one's fellow man.

Such pleasures are romantic, visceral, even spiritual; they need not be labeled existential. By so doing, the author forces a comparison with Robert M. Pirsig's bestseller *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, a volume far richer, more vital and, ultimately, more interesting. Florman's book is weakened by its argumentative tone. Still, it is clear, erudite and occasionally eloquent, valuable reading for engineers given to self-scrutiny and a stimulating one for the layman interested in the ancient schism between machines and men's souls.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Curtain*, Christie (2 last week)
- 2—*Ragtime*, Doctorow (1)
- 3—*The Greek Treasure*, Stone (3)
- 4—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Rosin (4)
- 5—*The Choirboys*, Wambaugh (8)
- 6—*Humboldt's Gift*, Bellow (5)
- 7—*The Eagle Has Landed*, Higgins (7)
- 8—*Shogun*, Clavell (6)
- 9—*In the Beginning*, Potok (9)
- 10—*The Moneychangers*, Hailey (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book*, Porter (1)
- 2—*Bring On the Empty Horses*, Niven (2)
- 3—*Power!*, Korda (4)
- 4—*The Relaxation Response*, Benson (3)
- 5—*Winning Through Intimidation*, Ringer (5)
- 6—*Against Our Will*, Brownmiller (7)
- 7—*Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross* (6)
- 8—*Memoirs*, Williams (9)
- 9—*The Save-Your-Life Diet*, Reuben (8)
- 10—*Freedom at Midnight*, Collins & Lapierre (10)

THE PRESS

The 80% Solution

Amid a rising tide of nationalist sentiment, a committee of Canada's House of Commons is expected this week to end work on Bill C-58, which at first glance looks like a relatively minor amendment to the tax code. Yet the measure, introduced by Pierre Elliott Trudeau's Liberal government last April and virtually assured of passage, could profoundly alter the shape of Canada's magazine industry.

The government wants to prohibit Canadian companies from deducting, as a business expense, the cost of buying advertising space in the Canadian editions of *Reader's Digest* and *TIME*. The two magazines, which are published in separate editions for Canadian readers,



SECRETARY OF STATE J. HUGH FAULKNER
"We have to protect ourselves."

were exempted from a 1965 law that ended the tax-deductibility privilege for foreign-owned magazines. Since Canada's basic tax rate on corporate profits will be 46% in 1976, the new law would have the effect of almost doubling the cost of advertising in *TIME* Canada and the Canadian *Reader's Digest*. The two publications together accounted for one-quarter of the estimated \$75 million in ad revenues placed in Canada's 21 leading magazines last year. Obviously, supporters of the bill hope that it will divert these advertising dollars into Canadian-owned publications. Said Secretary of State J. Hugh Faulkner, the minister in charge of cultural affairs, when he announced the bill: "It is my hope and expectation that the decision of the government will result in the creation of a Canadian newsmagazine."

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NT-X-0155

THE PRESS

The bill has already had that effect. Hoping to pick up advertisers who would no longer be able to afford TIME Canada, the editors of *Maclean's*, the nation's largest monthly (circa 900,000 in English- and French-language editions), acted two months ago to capitalize on the situation. They transformed their English-language edition into a bi-weekly newsmagazine. The new *Maclean's* has a circulation of about 750,000 (v. TIME Canada's 525,000).

For TIME Canada and *Reader's Digest* to qualify as Canadian magazines under the new bill, and thus afford advertisers the advantage of a tax deduction, they would have to be 75% Canadian-owned, show editorial content "substantially" different from their parent editions, and demonstrate that their editorial control is in the hands of Canadians. Time Inc. has been prepared to meet the 75% ownership rule, and the company last spring produced a sample issue of a newsmagazine that devoted 41% of its space to Canadian news, instead of the present 12% to 15%. But in October, newly named Minister of National Revenue Jack Cullen, who would be in charge of enforcing the law, announced that "substantially" different editorial content meant at least 80% different. Both publishers insist that figure is unattainable. Says Stephen S. LaRue, president of TIME Canada Ltd.: "We'd be wallpapering the magazine with filler, and it would no longer be a global newsmagazine of quality."

American Threat. That prospect does not trouble those Canadians who believe that their national identity is seriously threatened from south of the border. "We have to create our own identity," said Faulkner in a recent interview. "We have to protect ourselves. The alternative is to be simply overrun by the American arts and cultures."

If the law goes into effect Jan. 1 as expected, TIME will continue to print in Canada, but without the present five to seven pages of Canadian news and with its 62-member Canadian staff cut by as much as 90%. TIME Canada has offered to reduce its advertising rates by half to offset the increased net costs to advertisers when the tax-law change takes effect. Canadian subscribers will be asked to pay a sharply higher subscription price to offset the expected loss in advertising revenues.

The Reader's Digest Association which sold one-third of its Canadian operation in 1968 has steadfastly refused to meet the 75% ownership rule. The firm also refuses to change the editorial content of its Canadian edition or to give effective editorial control to Canadians. As E. Paul Zimmerman, president of the Reader's Digest Association (Canada) Ltd., said last week: "We cannot survive under the present terms of Bill C-58, and we must plan for winding up our operations as soon as possible."

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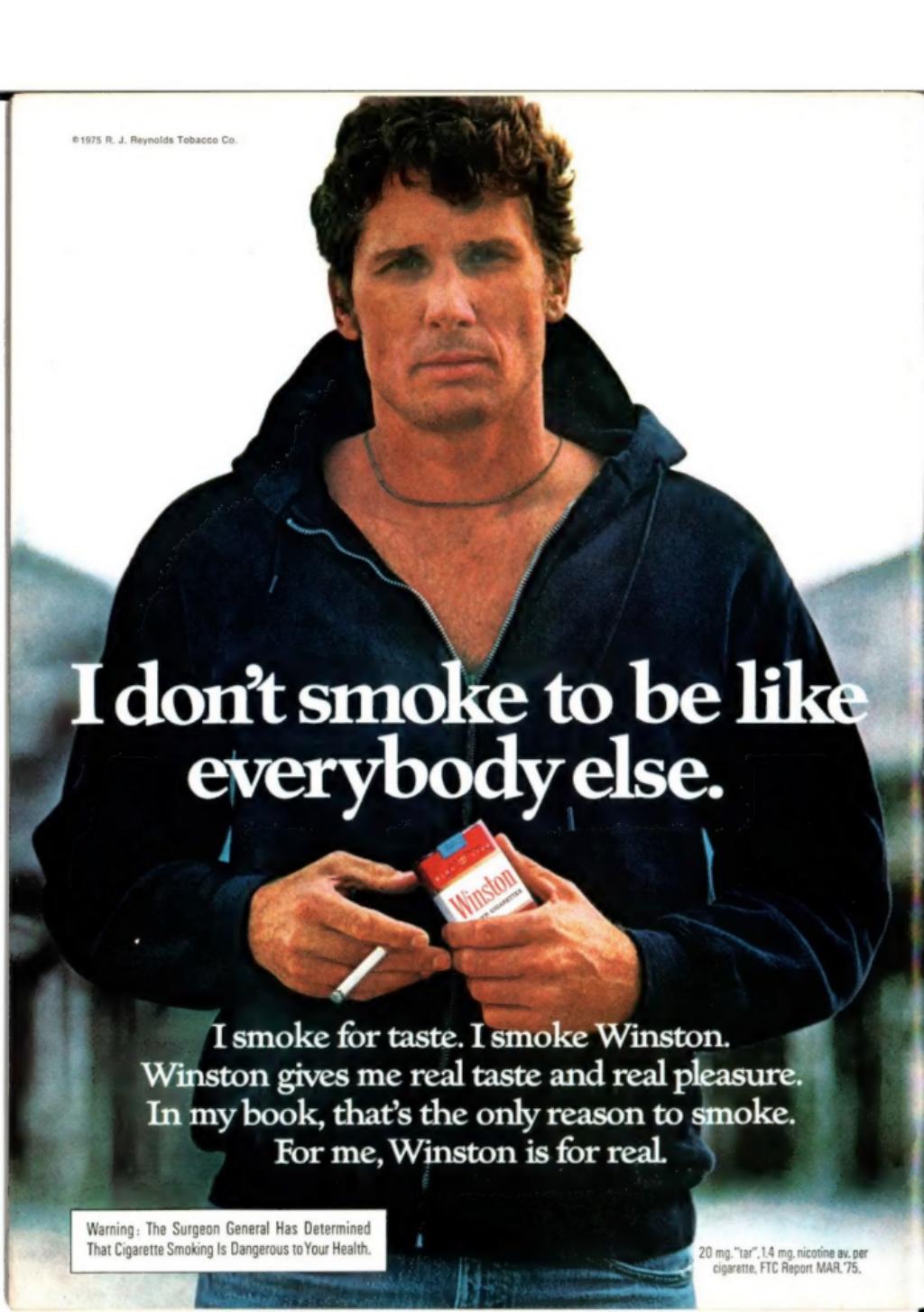


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